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Events of the Week.

On Tuesday night Lord Lansdowne spoke for the first time since the publication of Lord Loreburn's letter and the discussion of a compromise on the Irish question. He spoke with an astonishing levity on the question of the duty of the Army, but on the Irish question generally he was disposed to be conciliatory. He began by reaffirming the view that the right solution was a General Election, but he went on to say that his party were ready to consider special terms for Ulster, accompanied by such changes in the Bill as the special treatment of Ulster might render necessary. He was not attracted by the idea of excluding Ulster. The revision of the Bill might "have the effect of rendering the measure one which might perhaps be rendered applicable in a suitable shape to other parts of the United Kingdom, and one which would bear less unjustly and be more tolerable to the Unionists of Ireland." If the Government refused both an election and special arrangements for Ulster, the Unionists would give Ulster, in and out of Parliament, all the encouragement they could in their resistance. They would also in that case regard the settlement as one lacking in authority, and would hold themselves free to re-open it.

SEVERAL other speeches have been made during the week. Mr. Redmond has again declared strongly against

the exclusion of Ulster, while reaffirming his readiness to meet the Ulster Party in an honest attempt at an agreement. Mr. Birrell and Mr. Runciman have also disavowed the policy of an Offa's Dyke. On Thursday, Mr. Austen Chamberlain repeated the Tory demand for an election, and criticized Mr. Asquith's proposal for negotiations as vague, but admitted that there was room for conversation and an honest attempt to secure a national settlement.

AFTER a second day's conference on Wednesday, at which Mr. Larkin and other Dublin delegates were present, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Unions Congress decided to postpone the holding of a special Congress till December 9th. The Congress is to meet in London "to consider the position in Dublin with a view to dealing with it from the Trade Union point of view." All the Unions affiliated will be represented. The delay is far from popular among working people, who feel deep sympathy with the sufferings in Dublin, and are equally indignant at the Dublin employers' attempt to destroy what they hold to be the workmen's right of combination. Apparently, the Committee defend their action on the grounds that they were not quite sure how far the movement for a sympathetic strike had the full support of British labor, and that they believed the resources of conciliation had not been exhausted. The Joint Labor Board, representing the Parliamentary Committee, the Executive Committee of the Labor Party, and the Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions, met on Thursday to urge the Government to further action in this direction.

As to Dublin itself, there is no appreciable change in the situation. The number of "free laborers," more commonly known as "scabs," imported by the employers as strike-breakers, now amounts to 500, but the Port is choked with consignments of grain, timber, and general cargoes. The only sign of settlement, so far, is a report of the Government's proposal to institute a new Court of Inquiry, to hold its sittings in Dublin. A Dublin Civic League has been established to support the workers, while the employers, on the other hand, are said to be adopting the method of the "peaceful picket" against the men.

ON Wednesday night, Mr. Larkin addressed an immense gathering in the Albert Hall. The meeting had been called to express sympathy with the Dublin strikers and to welcome Mr. Larkin on his release from Mountjoy gaol, and he was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. His speech, as usual, was rambling, disjointed, almost chaotic in its want of form and order, but was carried through by the speaker's powerful and sincere personality, together with occasional outbursts of real eloquence. In many ways, it recalled Oliver Cromwell's speeches, especially in passages of unexpected moderation, rather in disregard of the opinion of the audience. The audience showed bitter hostility to the trade union leaders' decision to postpone the Congress for three weeks, but Mr. Larkin was, on the whole,

conciliatory, merely remarking that he would keep the fight going in Dublin till the Congress met. His insistence on the value of Home Rule to the workers, and on Ireland's gratitude to the Liberal Government for it, also caused some surprise among the extremists present.

MR. CHURCHILL'S speech at the Liberal demonstration at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday was a general review of politics, polished in phrasing and elaborate in form. Its most effective passages were its answer to Mr. Balfour's old-world intolerance on the Irish question, and to Mr. Bonar Law's reckless suggestion that the Insurance Act should be placed on a voluntary basis. Mr. Churchill had no difficulty in showing that to relieve the employer from the obligation to contribute would mean at the least the halving of benefits. On the Land question Mr. Churchill touched briefly, and then only to deal with the grievances of the urban leaseholder. The Conservative Press has attempted to read much into his references to Ireland, but they were in fact simply an eloquent but quite general plea for a settlement by consent. On armaments, he spoke to this Liberal meeting in a tone that contrasted oddly with his manner at the Guildhall, and was content to dwell on the immeasurable benefits that would follow from the ending of the competition. He treated the whole mania as unreal. We seemed, he said, to be separated only by the thickness of a sheet of paper from a general state of world-amity. He promised that the Government would work with all its strength for an abatement.

MR. CHURCHILL'S warning of a great increase in the Naval Estimates lent actuality and significance to an influential conference on National Expenditure, which was held in the Westminster Palace Hotel on Tuesday, with Sir Herbert Lewis in the chair. Lord Welby and Sir Algernon West spoke with peculiar weight as veteran administrators. The former dwelt largely on the work of the armaments interest in promoting panic-building. The latter dwelt on Gladstone's prophecy that the nations are racing to bankruptcy, with England forcing the pace. Mr. F. W. Hirst, in a reasoned but unflinching speech, moved a resolution in favor of the abolition of capture at sea, and pointed out that Mr. Churchill, by arming merchantmen, had actually revived the ancient practice of privateering. Sir Sydney Olivier, boldly ignoring the tradition which muzzles civil servants, protested against the pathetic and fatalistic attitude which leads a Ministry to act as though we were not the masters of our own policy, but must helplessly follow the example of other countries. Mr. Barnes spoke for Labor, and in a speech in the country Mr. Snowden has pledged his party to vote solidly against any increase.

ON Wednesday, Mr. Herbert Samuel, as Postmaster-General, made an important statement to a deputation from the Joint Committee representing the postal, telegraphic, and telephonic associations. It was in answer mainly to complaints against the recommendations of the recent Holt Report, which followed so close on the Report of the Hobhouse Committee in 1907. In many important respects affecting the position of the postal Civil Servants, such as meal-reliefs, length of hours, and special cases of pay, the Government has decided to set aside the findings of the Holt Committee, or to go beyond them, all for the advantage of the men and women concerned. Mr. Samuel calculated that these concessions would involve an ultimate increase of cost

in the working of the department amounting to about £1,250,000. Added to the £700,000 increase under the Hobhouse Report, this gives an increase of nearly £2,000,000 since the Liberals came into power.

ON the other hand, the Government absolutely rejected the demand for a general rise of 15 per cent. in pay—a demand chiefly due to the increased cost of living. Mr. Samuel pointed out that the present profit on the Post Office was paid into the national exchequer, and could not be made over to the postal employees without increased taxation. He also repeated his warning of last autumn against a postal strike, threatening, in that case, "to take such measures as would make the recurrence of such an event impossible." The Joint Committee expressed themselves unsatisfied with the reply, though admitting the value of many concessions, and they referred the whole question back to the sectional societies for instructions.

THE Mexican crisis, which looked tragical last week, is developing elements of farce. Mr. Wilson is waiting, very properly, for Huerta's administration to crumble from internal dissensions, or as the effect of bankruptcy. There is already severe financial stringency in Mexico City, and this can only increase. The most respectable politician in Huerta's Cabinet, Señor Aldape, Minister of the Interior, has suddenly resigned, and Huerta has sent him in hot haste to the Paris Legation, lest no doubt, he should be tempted to "remove" him. There are rumors also of the influential General Blanquet's defection, and Huerta is fortifying himself in the citadel. Congress, after some delays, has met, and Huerta's message to it, wholly silent about the American crisis, is merely a rather humgrous apology for dissolving the late Congress because it had opposed him. But the real puzzle in the situation is that relations have not yet been broken off between the American representatives and the Dictator. Mr. O'Shaughnessy attended Huerta's garden party this week, and the Dictator is said to have fallen on his neck and embraced him, thereafter proposing the toast of the United States. Could "recognition" be much more cordial?

THE insurgents are meanwhile in the North advancing to a position which closely resembles that which Señor Madero held on the eve of his triumph. They have taken the two key-towns which still held out against them, Juarez and Victoria. The party which securely holds the North, as they now seem to do, has always, in the long run, dominated Mexico. They are, indeed, already strong enough to threaten the railway line from the port of Vera Cruz to the capital. If they can permanently bestride this highway, the struggle is over without an American blockade, for Mexico depends on its port for money and supplies. But, as the Constitutionalists succeed, their relations with Washington grow worse. General Carranza has loudly deprecated American intervention, and the informal negotiations which Senator Hale had initiated on behalf of President Wilson have been abruptly broken off by Carranza's demand for Mr. Hale's credentials. The Constitutionalists are celebrating their victories by shooting the Federal officers whom they capture, and American sympathies are naturally chilled. It is not a pleasant mess to meddle with.

MR. GANDHI and Mr. Polak, leaders of the Indian community in South Africa, were condemned to terms of

imprisonment for their part in last week's breach of the immigration regulations. Large numbers of indentured and free coolies also received severe sentences, which the former will work out under penal discipline in the mines which they deserted. This treatment was not likely to allay Indian feeling, and this week has seen a wide extension of the strike, attended by a brief outbreak of violence at Ladysmith and the firing of a sugar plantation. The strike, as a whole, is peacefully conducted, but the stoppage in industry causes great resentment among the white population, the more reckless of whom are clamoring for martial law. Although about half the strikers consist of free laborers legally entitled to strike, the temper of white Natal would not be likely to respect such legal rights. Meanwhile, reports of flogging by employers are arousing deep resentment in India, where a widespread demand for the intervention of their Government finds expression in public meetings and the Press.

* * *

As an illustration of the follies in Parliaments which lead to "direct action" among the workers, we recollect nothing so illuminating as the present miners' strike in France. For seven years an Eight Hours Bill has been before Parliament, and three years ago it actually passed both the Senate and the Chamber. It was this session mutilated as usual by the Senate, which balanced the concession of an eight hour day by allowing 150 hours of overtime in a year. The Chamber, to make matters worse, dealt in a leisurely fashion with these amendments, and will not even now consider them before next Thursday. Nor does it propose to adhere to its own overtime maximum of thirty days, but talks of a compromise on sixty or even ninety days. Not the least interesting feature of the controversy is that the Senate bases its case for overtime on the three years' Army Service. The young men are shut up in barracks for an extra year, and their fathers, to balance their loss, must work overtime. The miners have, not unnaturally, lost patience, and their Congress has declared a general strike. It had, indeed, already broken out spontaneously in the Lens district, where 30,000 miners struck on Tuesday. There have been dissensions among the men on other questions, but on this matter they seem to be united against the frivolity of Parliament.

* * *

THE General Election is due in France next May, and that, no doubt, is the reason why M. Barthou's Ministry dare not impose fresh taxation. The first cost of the Three Years' Service is to be met by a permanent loan, which will amount (with the sixteen millions for the Moroccan campaigns) to a total of £52,000,000. Economists shake their heads at this device, but the most interesting feature of the situation is the attitude of the Finance Committee of the Chamber. It insists on considering this loan as an integral part of the whole Budget, and will not instantly vote it without full consideration. The Government proposes to base the loan upon succession duties. The Committee has unanimously resolved that it must rest upon an income tax. This sounds like a brave democratic attitude, but one fears that it is largely electioneering. The Senate will, as usual, oppose or mutilate any income-tax measure, and then, for the third or fourth time, the Radicals will go to the country with this item in the forefront of their programme. Are electors really so easily duped?

* * *

LADY WIMBORNE and Lord Ashby St. Ledgers have decided to make a practical experiment with the minimum wage. They are taking over two farms and

turning them into a dairy farm. They are putting a scientific farmer in charge, spending £10,000, and paying a minimum wage of 21s. 6d. Cottage rents are to be raised to 3s. 6d. a week, and the minimum wage will be paid to all laborers over twenty-one years of age on the Canford estate. Lady Wimborne has given an interesting account of the improvements in farming that are looked for under this scheme. She expects to raise the average yield of milk from 500 gallons per cow per annum to 700. This milk will be carried to market by a number of motor milk-vans, and nearly all the milking will be done by mechanical means, so that it will no longer be necessary to require boys and girls to get up at two o'clock in the morning in order that the milk may reach Bournemouth at six. The results of this experiment will be watched with great interest.

* * *

UNHAPPILY, the old Blasphemy Laws have been put in force again. A Mr. Thomas Stewart, also known as Dr. Nikola, was sentenced at the Staffordshire Assizes to four months' imprisonment "for attacking the truth of Christianity by ribaldry, profanity, and indecency" in a lecture at Wolverhampton. He was convicted of a similar offence at Leeds two years ago, and we think it very likely that his lecture was a "ribald, profane, and indecent" offence against good taste. To use Mr. Justice Coleridge's distinction, the language may have been employed "to scandalize the feelings of Christians, and not to prove false the doctrines the prisoner was discussing." All the same, we regret the continued revival of a law which is entirely obsolete in spirit. Foul language and indecency can be prosecuted without bringing in the question of religious truth at all, and, as a matter of fact, other religions, such as Judaism and Mohammedanism, have to defend themselves from attack as best they can without the protection of the law. What is still more absurd, all other forms of Christianity, except the Anglican Church, are in the same position, and a blasphemer may insult Roman Catholicism or Methodism as he likes. It is only the Church as by law established that needs or can claim the legal shelter.

* * *

DURING the week two high dignitaries of the Church have given us their opinions upon certain characteristic but opposite sides of our national life. Speaking at the conference of the Sweated Workers and Trades Boards in Sunderland House on Monday, the Bishop of Oxford asked why it was left to Mr. Larkin to call attention to the appalling condition of things in Dublin industries through all these years, and why did not the Church of England years ago appear manifestly before the country, telling what it knew about the housing conditions and the state of wages among our own agricultural laborers. There was a great act of repentance and reparation, he said, which it was not too late yet for them to make. Only the day before, the Archbishop of York had done his very best in the way of repentance and reparation for any wrong the Church may possibly have inflicted upon our agricultural fox-hunters. While dedicating a memorial window, erected by the York and Ainsty Hunt to a clergyman who had been killed out hunting, his Grace assured the members of the Hunt that the pursuit of foxes for sport was quite compatible with every Christian virtue, and that the very best Yorkshire Christians that ever lived had been keen sportsmen. As to cruelty, "many would quite sincerely say that at the cost of a short time of anxiety and strain, the fox won protection which otherwise he would not enjoy for his own form of racy and characteristic country life."

Politics and Affairs.

A THREAT AND AN OFFER.

LORD LANSDOWNE's language on the subject of the army and certain possible contingencies in Ulster is surely the greatest outrage on all the traditions of government that this generation has heard. What is the position? There is talk of a rebellion in Ulster against the authority of King and Parliament if a certain Bill becomes law. Lord Lansdowne does not like the Bill. He is not some obscure agitator or poor workman who has never enjoyed the protection of the law. He is one of the most powerful and favored men in England. He has been Viceroy of Ireland, Governor-General of Canada, Foreign Secretary, and, most important of all in this concern, Secretary of State for War. And, with all this authority behind him, with all these responsibilities weighing on his language, he announces that the question of the effect upon the British army, if the British army is called upon to use violence against their fellow-subjects in Ulster, is being canvassed wherever thoughtful men are discussing the problem of Ulster. He may say in another breath that no Unionist has ever incited the army to do anything but its duty, but he knows well enough the effect of such language, and at the end of his speech, he announced that if the Government did not satisfy the Opposition in respect of certain demands, the Unionists would give Ulster's resistance, *in and out of Parliament*, all the encouragement they could. What would Lord Lansdowne think of a labor leader, if Dublin or London were in the throes of an industrial rebellion, who announced that the question how the soldiers would act, if they were called upon to use violence against their fellow-subjects, was under discussion, and that he and his friends would give the rioters all the encouragement they could in their resistance to the law? Are they going to play on the private feelings and prejudices of officers for the purposes of rebellion? Do Lord Lansdowne and his friends meditate a White Revolution, in which the officers may go one way, and the soldiers another? Are they to have a special army drawn from the forces of the Crown to maintain a resistance to laws passed by the democracy? Now, this is no mere question of a riot or street affray. It is a definite and deliberate attempt to overpower by force a Constitution that has been set up by law. They have given at least a fair indication to the British public of the degree of their respect for law and order, and of their own opinion of the conditions on which allegiance is due from the forces of the Crown.

The rest of Lord Lansdowne's speech, so far as it related to Ireland, was in a different temper. It is clear that he thinks with Mr. Bonar Law, and not with Mr. Bonar Law's predecessor. He is evidently anxious to see some kind of settlement by consent, and in that sense his speech makes the prospect of negotiation more favorable. It is evident also from the speeches of Ministers and of Mr. Redmond that there is a strong disposition for peace on the Home Rule side. Liberals will not regret this. They have every motive for wanting to see the question

settled by consent. They are quite prepared to leave the Irish settlement in the hands of the Government, subject to certain guiding principles. The first of these principles is the unity of Ireland. It would be a lasting weakness to Ireland, and a lasting weakness to Ulster, to exclude Ulster from the new life of the nation. It would intensify the religious differences that Home Rule seeks to appease. It would prolong all those discords that take their life and inspiration from history. It would subtract from the energy and counsels of Ireland forces that can ill be spared. It would raise administrative problems of overwhelming difficulty and hamper the economic and commercial progress of a country that needs all the help and vigor that it can find. It is not on such lines that we can build up a new Ireland with promise and hope for the future. Fortunately, there seems to be a growing consensus of opinion that this is not the true way of power. Lord Lansdowne said on Wednesday that the idea did not attract him, and Mr. Birrell, on the other side, declared last week that we want no Offa's Dyke in Ireland.

It is therefore in other directions that peacemakers may be expected to look for a compromise. Home Rule within Home Rule might be established in Ulster, for example, on some such basis as that proposed by Lord MacDonnell in his elaborate statement last week. That scheme, which we described last week, would secure Ulster against the perils that her leaders see in Home Rule. Sir Edward Carson has summed up the danger as unjust administration. Lord MacDonnell's scheme would give the four counties control, not only of Education and Local Government, but of their civil appointments. Thus they would have in their own hands the interests that might appear to be threatened; there would be no question of Ulster being overborne by the power of the religious majority of Ireland, and if favoritism and jobbery existed, it would be of their own choice. They would run no risk of oppression from the agents of the Dublin Parliament, for the laws of the Parliament would be administered by their own officials. Moreover, Lord MacDonnell would give to the Council representing these counties the right of suggestion in regard to the appointment of Recorder of Belfast, County Court Judges, Justices of the Peace, Crown Prosecutors, Crown Solicitors. This scheme, while it would appear to satisfy all the objections raised by Ulster to Home Rule, so far as the fortunes and life of Ulster are concerned, possesses the great advantage over the other that it does not break up the legislative unity of Ireland. It would be important that the Council should be elected by proportional representation, for otherwise the Catholic minority would be exposed to all the risks from which Ulster would be freed by the arrangement. Ulster would play her part in the Dublin Parliament. She would be a part of Ireland. Labor in Belfast might join hands with labor in Dublin and labor in Waterford. The farmers of County Down would sit beside the farmers of Roscommon. They would be Irishmen all. On the other hand, it means expense, and if some such scheme were adopted, it would only be just that the expense should fall upon the counties for whose benefit it is incurred.

Lord Lansdowne observed that if negotiations were entered upon, the Bill might be revised, and as a result of the revision it might be adapted to the requirements of a general federal system. This is practically the view we have already commended to the readers of *THE NATION*. The Government cannot, of course, recast their Bill, but most Liberals will agree that the measure may well be supplemented and completed by others. It ought not to be impracticable to lay down the lines of such a scheme in a friendly conference on the Home Rule Bill. All parties appear to be travelling towards this idea, within whose compass lies the true statesmanship of the situation.

ARMAMENTS AND VOTES.

UNLESS it be a silent and complacent acquiescence in wrong, there is nothing so demoralizing in politics as the annual protest which goes unheeded, made in the full knowledge that it would pass unheeded. It is disastrous to the sincerity of public life; it teaches the governing class that it may act as it pleases; it destroys the reality of self-government, and it ends by luring men who are energetic and resolute away from the machinery of representative government altogether into the by-ways of "direct action" and Syndicalism. It is this spectacle which we have witnessed year by year as the Naval Estimates come up, and to all appearances we are about to witness it again. Mr. Churchill has issued his challenge. Speaking before the Cabinet can possibly have sanctioned his Estimates, he has warned us in a speech which was a pæan to the idea of force, to expect once more a substantial increase. The challenge has been met, as it always is met—with words, with speeches, with articles. The words are wholly sincere, but they are destined, while present conditions last, to remain without effect. There is no doubt about the state of public opinion in both of the Progressive parties. The National Liberal Federation passes strong resolutions (we do not doubt that it will next week repeat them), and the Liberal Press writes strong articles. The Labor Party is, as usual, right in feeling and helpless in action. The Conference which met on Tuesday to protest against prodigal expenditure on the Navy undoubtedly voiced the main body of opinion in both parties.

Everyone knows the familiar set of conditions which enable a brilliant and ambitious Minister, bent on magnifying the service over which he presides, to ignore the feeling of the party which maintains him in power. The first of these conditions is the difficulty of isolating any one issue in modern politics. The man who feels strongly enough on this question to go into opposition because of it, must face the fact that his action will jeopardize every other cause for which he cares. He knows, moreover, that if his protest could succeed against the offending Minister, the probable result would be to place in office a Government still more deeply committed to the megalomania of armaments. A Liberal Minister, one suspects, has always at the back of his memory the jest of Charles II. to the Duke of York: "No one will murder me to make you King." All this might be said of half-a-dozen issues in current politics, from woman suffrage to armaments. But there is here another

difficulty on which Sir Sydney Olivier dwelt on Tuesday. It is hard to interest the working-class voter in the question of armaments. His sentiments are all for peace and goodwill, and he has no love for the Armaments Trust; but he does not feel the pressure of direct taxation, and it takes some thinking to realize that the inadequacies of social legislation which do touch him directly are explained by the waste of national resources on the unproductive services. The usual expedient of Parliamentary tactics is, in this instance, neutralized by the Opposition. Even if the Labor Party and the Radicals were to vote on this issue against the Government in numbers that fairly represented their convictions, the Conservative vote would save it from defeat. The Cabinet itself, to complete this survey, is itself subject to the usual disabilities of Committee government. Lord John Russell, in explaining to Queen Victoria the impregnability of Palmerston's position, remarked that he was "a good colleague." A good colleague is a Minister who interferes with no other department, and expects in return that his own shall be immune from interference. There is something rather worse than a good colleague, and that is a colleague who is good on terms.

To set forth the difficulties that surround this issue is not to discourage protest, and even verbal protest is better than a guilty acquiescence. Our object is rather to urge on those who realize what this issue involves, that the time has come for something more effective than words. A Parliamentary group which meant business and knew the technique of the game would not be contented with formal speeches and a single vote. It would obstruct the estimates. It would force the country and the House to realize by protracting debate and by throwing details into relief that these annual protests answer to a settled conviction. It would, in the end, if it failed on the floor of the House, carry its protest to the country. A member or a group of members who have the conviction that the Government is over-riding the will of its own supporters have an effective Constitutional resource at their disposal. They can resign their seats, and fight them again on this issue of their own choosing. It is easy enough in politics to insist in speech that an issue is important. A man who means that must act as if he meant it. The argumentative case is overwhelming. Lord Rosebery's phrase about "rattling into barbarism" has become classical. In every European language on every day of the year eloquent voices are driving home the general moral. The more they urge the moral, the more do Governments ignore it. We can say nothing stronger on this theme than Mr. Churchill has said himself. We all agree with him that the thing is a "scandal" to European civilization; the difference begins when he proceeds to aggravate it. We need hardly pause to glance at his offer of a "naval holiday" in the shape in which he has commended it. There is no possibility of coming to terms with Germany on the basis of a ratio of naval strength so long as we exclude our own Colonial ships from the reckoning, and leave ourselves free to build for the Mediterranean outside of any bargain which we may make about the North Sea.

Important as it is to oppose each needless increase as it comes, it is even more important to urge a constructive policy. A "naval holiday," if it reigned in the Mediterranean as well as the North Sea, and applied to the Colonies as well as to the Mother Country, might be an effective first step. But it risks the retort from France that the more Germany saves on her navy, the more will she spend on her army. The European problem is wider than our Anglo-German rivalry, and the need of the hour is some leadership, some initiative that will bring to a focus the universal shame and *malaise* about this madness of waste. Our own position is much the strongest, for our finances are less seriously embarrassed than those of any other Power, and our own ability to continue the rivalry unquestioned. The Prime Minister addressed a question to the world at large when he spoke at the Guildhall. We should like to see that question translated into concrete action. The Hague Conference is not far ahead. But this is primarily a question for the Great Powers of Europe, rather than for the assemblage from all the earth which meets at The Hague. What is wanted is not a favorable vote from Bolivia and the Balkans, but an agreement between the two European groups. The aim must be, we think, to reach an understanding that the total naval and military budget shall not be increased for a term of years—if, indeed, it is hopeless to ask for a ten per cent. reduction.

We have one item to bring to any bargain, but its importance can scarcely be overrated. Our abandonment of the doctrine of capture at sea would transform not only our own naval problem, but that of every competing Power. We are aware of all that can be urged from a sceptical standpoint against any effort. It is doubtful whether Germany adheres to her old view about capture at sea. It is possible that her governing class is resolved to make a great navy, in spite of every difficulty. In every country the armaments interest is alert and well-organized. And, finally, it will be said that our previous efforts met with no very encouraging response. These arguments leave us unmoved, and if we knew that a Conference of the Great Powers would end in failure, we should still urge that it should be called. The pioneer nation in this greatest of all international questions must be prepared for initial rebuffs. The effect on the public opinion of Europe might work slowly, but it could not fail in some degree to work. The knowledge that one Great Power had made an effort would stimulate the opposition to armaments the world over, and make the conditions which in the end would bring success. But it is enough that our national interests demand the effort. Without more money, the Government cannot complete its social programme, nor can it touch the needs of education. The choice will lie on the eve of an election between fresh taxation and a reduction of armaments. To this drifting there must presently be an end.

CIVIS BRITANNICUS—NEW STYLE.

THE strike of the Indians in Natal illustrates better than any other instance the unreality of much talk about the unity of the British Empire. A chief count in our case against the Kruger Government was their unjust and

oppressive treatment of British Indians. We claimed from them full privileges of entry and residence for Indians in accordance with the London Convention. After the war, when the country was under our control, we did virtually nothing to redress or abate those grievances. Lord Milner allowed the matter to stand over, and when self-government was given and the Union Government was formed, the worse counsels of the Transvaal and Natal prevailed over the more liberal policy of the Cape. The liberties of entrance, settlement, and occupation were further curtailed, an ignominious system of identification was imposed, and a high license tax of £3 upon unindentured labor was extended from the Transvaal over the whole Union so as to keep all Indians to the more servile occupations. Protests and peaceable representations have procured some trivial concessions, but no real abatement of grievances. Two years ago, after prolonged negotiations with the Government, Mr. Gandhi believed himself to have secured satisfactory pledges for a removal of the more flagrant injustices. But nothing was done to fulfil the pledges. Last summer Mr. Gokhale, a distinguished member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, took the matter in hand, and, after a full investigation of the facts, approached the Government. He also obtained what he described as "a definite assurance" of reforms. In particular, he was informed that the abolition of the £3 license tax would shortly take place. But it seems that the Government is either unwilling or unable to redeem its promises.

It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that the Indians of Natal, weary of waiting, have elected to force matters to an issue by a strike and a formal breach of the emigration regulations. With one or two trifling exceptions, of which much has been made, their protest has been conducted in a peaceable and dignified manner. It has been met by wholesale prosecutions and imprisonment, accompanied—according to some reports—by brutal floggings. The indentured miners are sent back to work out their sentences in the mines under prison discipline, which seems to include the right to flog. The Prison Act of 1913, under which colliery compounds may thus be gazetted as gaols, is in itself an eye-opener as to what justice means for colored people in South Africa. Mr. Gandhi and Mr. Polak, the two most responsible leaders of this movement, are sentenced to terms of hard labor. Armed police are everywhere in evidence, and the more truculent Natalians, as usual, are clamoring for the brutal license of martial law. It is easy to understand the panic which prevails in this least civilized section of the British dominions. Natal ought never to have received the status of a "self-governing colony." It is far less fit for such a government than Jamaica or Ceylon. Its white population is a small racial aristocracy living on the labor of a somewhat larger body of Indians and a Kaffir population ten times its size. It lives in a constant liability to panics, and sees rebellion continually on the horizon. The true story of the so-called Zulu Rebellion seven years ago is one of the most discreditable pages of our Imperial history. There was no rebellion. There was a poll-tax, oppressively imposed and illegally collected; protests, and, in a few instances,

a failure to pay; attacks on unarmed Zulus by fully armed police and soldiery; a harrying of fugitives, and one chief, disaffected on other grounds, with a band of riotous young men, showed fight. Nearly 3,000 Zulus were killed, hundreds of kraals burned, and a Jeffreys assize ensued. Not more than a dozen white men lost their lives in the whole course of the fighting, and no single attack by Zulus upon the white farms scattered over the country was alleged.

If Natal is allowed to have its head, it will adopt similar modes of statecraft in dealing with this crisis. Fortunately, the action of the Union Government will introduce an element of greater gravity. For, oppressive and shifty as the Union policy has been, men like Mr. Botha and Mr. Smuts are at any rate open to considerations wider than the exigencies of the moment and the particular locality. They have doubtless their difficulties in making the racial pride, common to the lower type of Boer and Briton, conform to their own higher ideals of government. We cannot expect that the British Government in South Africa will accord to British subjects from other lands even that measure of consideration claimed from Mr. Kruger, or that they will go any further than Canada or Australia towards realizing full equality of rights for citizens of the British Empire. But we do expect, and we should insist upon, their not placing such British subjects in a worse position than aliens from foreign lands would be. For if the subjects of any other civilized State are unjustly or oppressively treated in South Africa, their Consuls are there to look after their interests, and their Governments will use the requisite diplomatic pressure to secure redress. The Indian Government has no representative in South Africa, nor, apparently, has it any status for pressing the claims of its people. But surely this is a *reductio ad absurdum* of Empire, that a fellow-subject of that Empire should have less effective liberty and less security than a foreigner. If Empire is not to be a mere byword and laughing-stock, it cannot rest content with this situation.

It is suggested that the Indian Government can and ought to bring pressure on its own account. It can refuse to permit the migration of the labor which South Africa, for its own purposes and on its own harsh conditions, does require. It can discriminate against South African products, and perhaps in other ways make itself disagreeable. This retaliation it ought, perhaps, to practise, if this is the only way of teaching the elements of justice and reason to South Africa. But surely the supposition that the Imperial Government itself is powerless to prevent such maltreatment of its Indian subjects is premature. What are these Imperial Conferences worth, and this continual bringing together of representatives of our Dominions for discussion of concerted policies of commerce and defence, if they cannot gain acceptance for some such elementary standard of Imperial citizenship as shall preclude at least the worst of the grievances from which the Indians suffer in South Africa? Alike to the Indian and the Imperial Governments the appeal is made, not merely on grounds of abstract justice, or even of humanity, but also

of urgent expediency. The nature of that expediency will be obvious to those who follow the wave of excitement roused throughout India by the reports of events in South Africa. The Indians are a sympathetic people. Moslems as well as Hindoos are involved in these grievances, and the resentment against our Government, should they remain unredressed, is likely to have exceedingly grave consequences. Responsible Anglo-Indians in India itself as well as here are well aware of this, and are endeavoring to secure some sort of effective intervention. We cannot, it is true, coerce South Africa; but surely we retain, by the Imperial connection, some effective powers of persuasion. If we do not, then the reality of Empire disappears together with its unity.

THE MESSAGE OF "JIM LARKIN."

It was not, we suspect, a mere sense for the excitement of the hour that prompted the "Manchester Guardian" to publish a verbatim report of Mr. Larkin's speech last Sunday. Those who conduct that great newspaper saw that the style, the manner, no less than the substance of Mr. Larkin's oratory was of vital significance to those who want to understand the social history of their day. If our readers wish to realize not only the kind of man that Mr. Larkin is but the kind of world that has produced him, they will do well to study that speech with care. As oratory, it has a special character; as a message to England, it has all the importance of a message from an unknown world.

English oratory has been made by certain traditions and experience. The grand oratory of the past was a highly elaborate form of art; it was made in the schools and universities where the upper classes were taught the classics. The thinking of a man was thrown into certain recognized forms. Speaking differed in kind as in the degree of its success; but all speaking had a certain common atmosphere. Above all, it was meant to persuade when votes were to be won by argument, or to put a good face on a policy when votes were already decided by bribes. And as it was designed for this purpose, it kept within certain conventions. The great orators were members primarily of a debating society, who understood each other and never travelled in imagination very far from the world of their own society. The form of this oratory still lingers in Mr. Asquith's finished periods and Mr. Balfour's brilliant dialectic, and with that form there survives a certain gift of shutting out realities and treating the battle of argument as a display and contribution of wit without relation to the outside world. The oratory of the governing class comes from this tradition, and is ruled in its main forms by these conventions.

But this, of course, is not the only school of English speaking. John Bright, whom many would regard as the greatest orator of the last century, was bred in a Puritan simplicity. It was not Latin or Greek literature, but Milton and the Bible, which taught him his incomparable taste and skill in the choice and flow of words. But his speeches, if they had no sound or sign of effort, were prepared with as much care as any classical oration. They put the thoughts

of the middle-class world into the most finished compositions, and often soared beyond those conceptions into a world of ideal vision. Now, the speaking of the politicians of the Labor movement is also formed in a school, the school of the man of the religious organizations which took the place of politics in the life of the working-classes when they were forbidden to interest themselves in politics. These men came to the House of Commons, not from the street, but from the chapel, the friendly society, the trade union, or perhaps the Town Council, or the Board of Guardians. They have been through the mill; they have an inherited or acquired outlook. Their speaking follows certain forms; they have long been accustomed to the atmosphere of the discussion of business, or the preaching of doctrines. They have been brought up with standards and traditions of speaking, and, consciously or unconsciously, they are governed by them. Party, religion, the recognized boundaries of reasonable statement on the committees on which they have sat—all these conventions envelop their speaking. If they say violent things, it is with an effort. Their speeches represent, not the direct impressions of life, but those impressions as sifted by experience and the treatment of affairs.

Now, Mr. Larkin's speech at Manchester has nothing in common with all this. It observes no standards of form or rhythm, or balanced and deliberate expression. What is it? It is not declamation. It is not persuasion. It is not argument. It is not analysis. And yet to many men and women of imagination it is more interesting and more moving than any of the cultivated orations that are to be heard to-day. It is simply the way in which a man who has lived in poverty and among very poor people talks of life as he sees it. He has passed through no mill or school. His mind is not linked with any tradition or conventional form. The recognized controversies are not in his blood. The feuds of Orangeman and Hibernian have never touched his imagination. Most men who speak start from some great plan or principle or prejudice connected with this or that organization—Home Rule, the Church, the Land system; their party with its past and its future; or perhaps the great history of England and the dignity of the House of Commons and the wrongs of the Irish race. This speech starts and ends with the actual lives of men and women. It is a simple speech, the thoughts and the memories and the sorrows and the personality of a man tumbling out of his mind as he stands before his comrades, tumbling out at random and with none of the discipline or order of a trained speaker. And yet what superb effects! He is speaking on the treatment of the women combatants in Dublin. "A girl was taken up for intimidation, and what was the intimidation? She said to another girl, 'You should not go in there and take my place.' There were four policemen stood there. They said that she had said, 'This is a blackleg girl.' She was arrested and taken before a magistrate. She declared that there were some witnesses that could be brought to prove that what she said was true, and she was remanded for a week. And where did they send her to? (A Voice: "To Hyde Park.") Ah, you know

what Hyde Park is. It is an industrial home for fallen women. And they put this girl in there at the very change of her life, at that age when the imagination of a woman is at the very highest apex, when everything beautiful looks beautiful. They put her there amongst these poor creatures. ("Shame!" and a voice: "Get her out.") You can get her out—the voice of the women—the women—can get her out. (Cheers.) *There has been no voice raised in Ireland about her losing her faith.* But, thank God, she is one of those whose faith and whose virtues cannot be lost."

Why is it, said Fielding, a century and a-half ago, that the misery of the poor troubles the rich so little? The answer he gave is not yet untrue—"They starve, or freeze, or rot among themselves; but they beg, or steal, or rob among their betters." All the triumphs of democracy and progress have left this world outside the imagination of Parliament. Take Mr. Larkin's description of the children sent over to England.

"Some of them never saw a bath in their lives, and when they got into the bath they stayed in for four hours, and the people could not get them out. There they were, trying to swim in a bath six feet long; and when they got fed, it was not one bone they wanted, but four bones all at once. And when they went into a new, beautiful room, beautifully furnished, and with a floor beautifully polished, what did they do? They started making a slide with their bare feet. A mother was brought over, to try to induce her children to go back to Ireland. They were being taken to chapel and to confession, and they wanted to take them out of the atmosphere where they were living happy lives. The mother came, and who came on the boat? Guardians of the Poor of Dublin! Who were they? One is a man who was never in a trade union in his life, one of those kind creatures who always hang round what the employer calls the reserve army of labor—the next thing to a blackleg. What does he do now? . . . He went down to Wallasey—this pillar of the Church—to take the child away. But the kid would not go, and the mother said, 'I will stop.' When she had stopped a week, she went back and brought three more!"

What does Parliament hear of this world from which Mr. Larkin comes? What, in point of fact, has that world gained from all the vast expenditure of the last few years to compensate for the cost in living? Who are its ambassadors? Bishop Gore, who is rapidly becoming the chief tribune of the poor, has remarked, very justly, that if it had not been for Mr. Larkin, the world would never have heard of the uncivilized life of Dublin. It took something like an earthquake to warn the Irish Government of the state of housing in Dublin. Take merely the fate of the people who are now in prison. The first Peterloo caused more noise and indignation in the old England than the conduct of the police in Dublin in this civil war has caused in an England that sends forty Labor Members to Parliament and a Liberal Government to office. Lord Fitzwilliam denounced the Lancashire magistrates at the cost of his Lord-Lieutenancy. But how many people in England have been told all the facts about the men and women who are in Mountjoy to-day? What reason is there for thinking that their punishment is any juster than Mr. Larkin's was? How were they tried? With what juries? On what evidence? Were they not convicted on the

evidence of the police? And why has there been no inquiry into the doings of this police? Everybody knows that their conduct on that famous Sunday has been an outrage, and yet even that incident has not been investigated. Who has given a thought to the families of the dead? It is a fatal blot on our Parliamentary system that the grievances of these great masses of unorganized or ill-organized poor can only be put before the world by men outside that system—the Russells and the Larkins, the poets and the agitators.

It is not very different in the English towns. The great unions have their representatives in Parliament, but who speaks there for the carters and the dockers? From time to time they strike—and sometimes, as it happened two years ago, victory, sudden and surprising, sweeps port after port. Sometimes they are beaten; there is a riot, heads are broken, the upper classes organize a civilian force of police. The strike ends. The men go back to their homes, even the women can no longer resist, and all is over. Who, in the interval, talks of them, or tries to provide them with any of the amenities of life? How much does Parliament hear of them, "except when they disturb its peace"? "They beg, or steal, or rob among their betters; they starve, or freeze, or rot among themselves."

A London Diary.

SPECULATION, hanging on this or that phrase or hint of party leadership, now inclines a little against an Irish settlement. The Tories, say the gossips, have now virtually "opted" for a victory at the polls, deciding to take Reading, and still more Linlithgow, as their barometer, and to ignore the signal from Keighley. They move with the more confidence as they have probably settled a paper programme on Tariff Reform. They would have liked to drop it altogether; but here the paymasters have obviously had their way against a silent reversion to Free Trade. Deciding that some such line as Mr. Law's at Norwich is good enough for a moderate Tory victory, their view almost inevitably carries with it a resolve to break with the idea of compromise on Home Rule, rather than to work for a split between Liberalism and Nationalism. The risk to social order they seem prepared to take, and even of whispering mutiny to British officers (through the mouth of an ex-Secretary for War), as if Mr. Larkin had not been heard of, and such a person as an Irish Catholic soldier did not exist.

THERE is no doubt a body of Liberals who would like the Government to take in hand the agricultural question, or as much of it as can possibly be touched before the General Election, next session. They would not only pass a Cottage Building Act, but they would proclaim agriculture a sweated industry, and bring to bear on it the machinery and organization of the Trade Boards Act. There is much to be said for the latter as for the former course. The objection to it is that I

fancy the Cabinet contemplate something more than the shilling or so rise that might be squeezed out by bargaining with the farmers in the backward "pockets" of the rural districts. They contemplate a real statutory minimum wage, based on the sum needed to keep a man with a moderate family at a decent level of subsistence, say, the 21s. 6d. that Lady Wimborne is trying to set up on her Dorset estates. Such a plan would, of course, dwarf anything that the Boards would be able to accomplish. Still, there seems no good reason why an advance should not be made next Session, if the machinery be not too elaborate.

I SEE it suggested that the Conservative delegates at Norwich came back with a definite impression of Lord Robert Cecil as the coming Tory leader. His seriousness, persuasiveness, skill and precision of argument, and a certain Gladstonian loftiness of bearing and fervor of spirit, marked him out from the other speakers, and seemed to prophesy a career of unusual eminence. I think the popular verdict was a wise one. Toryism wants authority, and Lord Robert bears its stamp and seal more evidently than his brilliant brother. It wants also a broader outlook on life than the Cecils usually boast, and, on the whole, Lord Robert possesses the fairest mind in that powerful clan. But if it finally chooses Lord Robert, it chooses an aristocrat and a real, if a fairly flexible Conservative, not a Tory democrat; a Free Trader, not a Protectionist; an honest, solid, and powerful mind, rather than a quickly responsive and adaptable one.

I HAVE heard that when the last Home Rule Bill seemed to be making unexpected headway in Parliament and in the country, a famous Unionist statesman, encountering some of his friends in the Lobby, announced to them in tragic yet firm accents—"There is no help for it; we must let religion loose." To-day the emergency is even more pressing, and, apparently, it is to be met by the same means. Religion (so-called) is being uncaged in all parts of the country—not at the by-elections alone, as has been supposed, but in the most out-of-the-way corners imaginable—with the result that rural credulity is now enjoying a feast of Romish horrors unmatched since the days of Titus Oates. Presumably some echo of this furtive crusade must have reached the ears of the Duke of Norfolk, whose protest the other day against current slanders on his faith simply follows in the line of the earlier expostulations of Sir Mark Sykes, Mr. Grattan Doyle, and Lord E. Talbot (Chief Whip of the Opposition and the Duke's brother). I am told that while in the English constituencies no perceptible harm is being done by this discreditable campaign, its influence was clearly to be traced in the Linlithgowshire election. Women as well as men are at work on it, and as some hundreds of those missionaries have been sent over, the cost to Ulster's "Provisional Government" must be considerable.

I SAW Kiamil Pasha in the days when his hands were used to prop the falling power of his old enemy, Abdul Hamid, and it was curious enough to those who

knew their relationship to see his and Abdul's wicked painted face in the carriage together—between a hedge of bedizened courtiers, eunuchs, and picked soldiery—at (I think) the Sultan's last Selamlık. Kiamil was Grand Vizier, but the Committee of Union and Progress were the real governors of the country, and we were very unwise then, and afterwards, to put our money on this clever and experienced but powerless old man. Our Embassy, slack and easy-going, relied wholly on him, and seemed to know or care little what the Committee were thinking and doing; while Germany, whose plans Abdul's fall had completely overthrown, was diligently re-knitting her lost hold on the Turkish State. Kiamil was no doubt personally honest, though his family was not so well regarded. He was partly Jewish in blood, but he had very much the manner and appearance of the old Turk. I recall him at the Porte, his withered face lighted up by bright, youthful eyes, listening and fingering his beads, and then making one very sensational remark in the tone in which one says "Good afternoon." His seeming reign was soon over; for he was always more of a hostage for the Young Turks than their representative.

ONE by one the heroes of the South African War and its diplomacy pass away. Abraham Fischer, one of the many men who were Moderates before the war—both in the days of Brand and Steyn—became greatly embittered during its passage and afterwards, and returned naturally to the business of statesmanship when self-government came. He was a sturdy, able little man, a moderate English Liberal in his ideas—very certain that all would come right in the end in South Africa, but resolved that the Dutch should have their share of government. An excellent lawyer, with a great practice in Bloemfontein, and a fine farm on the veldt, he had a serious and, to us, a dishonoring grievance during the war. This was the loss of nearly all his household silver, of which he had a great store, largely made up of gifts made to him from Europe and South Africa to celebrate his silver wedding. When Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein, it was "loaned" for the use of the staff and other notabilities, military and civil. Commandeered, however, would have been a better word, for among hundreds of articles, only about half-a-dozen remained. The rest had disappeared on the illimitable veldt. It was not a pretty story. Mr. Fischer sought the silver far and near, and took his case to the Colonial Office. A few things came back in the end; but the collection was ruined.

HERE are some notes from an English worker with one of the relief funds in the Near East.

"I have met some very fine men among the Bulgarian Protestants. The State Orthodox Church is in a very low condition, commands little respect; but I am surprised that there is not more prejudice against Protestants, for they proselytize very directly. But there is, apparently, complete religious toleration in Bulgaria, as there is in no other Balkan State, I believe. I am being very cautious; still I am coming to believe that the Bulgarians are, what they claim to be, much more civilized than any other Balkan race. I visited in Sofia the captured Turkish officers and soldiers; and

they have, on their own showing, been treated with great humanity. In talking with these educated Protestant Bulgarians, I feel that I am dealing with equals in character and culture, as I cannot say I felt with Armenians and Turks. Socialism is a strong force in the towns here, and that is in itself a sign of considerable progress in toleration and intelligence. I have not, however, heard yet of a woman suffrage movement."

It seems to be worth noting, by the way, that Linlithgowshire did, after all, elect the Liberal candidate, and by a majority of something over five hundred. At Manchester this week Mr. F. E. Smith put this puzzling question to his audience: "Why did the Government lose Reading and Linlithgow?" and, naturally enough, the poser proved too much for the meeting. I suppose, however, that the pretence that Linlithgow was "lost" will continue till Bailie Pratt astonishes its authors by duly turning up at Westminster to take his seat.

Now that Mr. Larkin has been forced into the front, I am scarcely surprised to hear that some of his friends are talking of putting him up as a candidate for Parliament. To which of the existing groups a fighter of his Ishmaelish tendencies could be attached it is hard to conceive, but the notion appears to be that if he comes in at all it will be for some Irish industrial constituency, and on a platform which would include Home Rule and the whole Labor programme, though it might not enlist the official Labor or the Nationalist Party.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE BALKAN BANDIT.

If anyone were to inquire what there is in the modern literature of the Balkans which is native, original, and at once sufficiently unique and sufficiently powerful to deserve translation, the answer would scarcely vary, whether it came from a Greek or a Slav. The great experience of all the Christian races has been their struggle against the Turks, and it is in the tales, and above all, the ballads, which tell of this struggle, that they have proved their genius and made their gift to the world's storehouse. We were once at the making of a Balkan ballad. The experience began one sunny afternoon of May, ten years ago, in a village not far from Monastir. It was a poor, straggling, unkempt hamlet, which lay by the road-side in the midst of a broad and fertile plain. Christian villages in Macedonia are always apt to be poor when they stand amid deep acres. They are only the homes of the serfs and villeins of the conquering race. The rich Christian villages are to be found in the sunless clefts of the mountains, on soil so thin and stony that no conqueror has troubled to annex it.

Half the village was still smoking from the morning's conflagration, and on the road we had met the rear-guard of a Turkish battalion, straggling in open order back to town, and bearing its pillage with it. In the churchyard the peasants were digging a deep grave, and presently the dead would be shovelled into it without prayer or song, for the priest of the village lay, stricken with the aphasia of terror, in the doorway of an open granary. The corpses of a little band of men were laid in their last soldierly file upon the grass. Some of them were only charred mummies, dragged from the cinders and the flames. But

the leader's countenance had suffered no defacement. It looked up at the open sky, beautiful and untroubled in its pallor. The fine features, in their framework of black, curling hair and beard, told of youth and vigor and refinement, a blend of intelligence and physical pride. It was easy to believe what we heard of the dead man. He had been a teacher in the Bulgarian College of Monastir, a leader among the townsmen, a hero among the boys. He had worked to organize the spirit of revolt, and some months before he had said farewell to his books and gymnasium and chemical apparatus, and slipped out to the hills with his rifle, to lead an outlaw band. His first fight had been his last. The Turks had caught him in a farmhouse. He had defended it for an afternoon and a night, until at last the besiegers had burned his poor fortress over his head. The Turks told us how he had died. He and his men came out at the last into the open courtyard, sang a revolutionary song, and danced a traditional measure to the light of the flames. One by one, they fell to the rifles which pierced the loopholes of the wall. There, we thought, was the end. Six months later, travelling again through the same region after a general peasant rising, a certain tune began to arrest the ears, until at last it became the very motto of the countryside, its utterance, its breath. In its minor key it began with a lament, and ended with a defiance. Boys whistled it as the Turkish cannon lumbered down the streets, or sang it with a shrill devilment as they passed a sentry in his box. Young men sang it to their beasts on lonely roads. At last we heard it at leisure, by a Bulgarian fireside, and deciphered its words. It was a ballad of the fight at Mogila, a hero-song to the dead leader who had been buried without chant or prayer, an appeal to all the youth of Macedonia to imitate his courage and devotion. The huddled grave was not the end.

These aimless fights, this squandering of youth and courage, these lives of a hunted beast, these deaths of a wild creature at bay, were never the pure waste that they seemed to the civilized onlooker. They were the examples needed to rouse a degraded race to manhood. That work was so thoroughly done for most of the Balkan peoples before our own generation, that it is difficult to realize the gigantic task which the pioneers accomplished. As far back as most of us can remember, the Macedonians, and even the wretched Armenians, have been ripe for revolt, and average opinion is apt to think meanly of the Albanians because it is only in recent years that they have struggled into national consciousness. A book which has just appeared in an admirably executed English translation ("Zachary Stoyanoff, an Autobiography." Translated by M. W. Potter. Arnold.) gives for the first time an adequate picture of the early phases of this process in Bulgaria. Mr. Gladstone made the "Bulgarian Atrocities" memorable, but it was no part of his case to enlarge on the insurgent movement which preceded the atrocities. To do the Turk justice, he rarely strikes without some provocation. On the whole, the insurgent movement, futile, ill-organized, and premature as it was, holds a place in Bulgarian history even more important than the awful reprisals which followed it. It was the proof that the Bulgarian nation was alive, and without it the Russian war of liberation would have come too soon. Stoyanoff was a man well-known in later life as one of the makers of the new Bulgaria. He was Stambuloff's pen, and edited the only newspaper which that too ruthless architect of a kingdom was never tempted to suppress. His autobiography is a substantial fragment, left in tantalizing incompleteness, which tells vividly and well, but, above all, truthfully, the history of the early insurgent organization in Bulgaria. To a reader who comes to it with fresh memories of Macedonia, it seems curiously familiar. There is the same underground plotting, the same stealthy organization, the same gallant but futile fighting, the same dreams of early success, the same infatuated confidence in the humanity of Europe. Nor has a generation altered much in the characters of the insurgent leaders. We found ourselves unconsciously giving modern Macedonian names to several of the cleverly sketched portraits in this autobiography. They range through well-defined gradations from the old-

fashioned Balkan brigand, who was naturally a highwayman, accidentally a rebel, and by fashion at last a patriot, up to the pure idealist who keeps his reputation for chivalry unsullied amid the sordid cruelties of these struggles, and ends his days on the gallows, defying the Turks and disdaining to deny or minimize his acts of rebellion. Between these two extremes are the men with whom patriotism comes first and robbery second, the butchers who care more for vengeance than for fighting, the magnetic orators, the subtle plotters, and finally the average type, like Stoyanoff himself, who can be brave at need, ruthless under orders, stolid under torture, ready to cringe and flatter and lie if life can be saved in that way, but equally ready to risk fortune and existence in the cause of liberty. Stoyanoff was clearly by no means a man of revolutionary or idealist temperament. A person of steady pedestrian common sense, he was ready to rebel when nothing else would serve, and equally ready to surrender when rebellion had failed, but always with a stubborn resolve to "live to fight another day." Such men are the main army of every successful revolution, and the idealist pioneers have failed until they can mass them in the ranks.

Stoyanoff's tales of plotting and preaching, fighting and flight, make a capital record of adventure. His narrative of his long and various experience of Turkish gaols is at least as interesting. His chief merit is his unflinching veracity. He hides neither his own follies nor his own meannesses. He tells us, almost without comment or shame, of the excesses perpetrated by the insurgents. He is at his best in analyzing the psychology of the Turks. A Turk is brutal when he meets with sullen defiance, or with guile and deceit. He behaves like a magnanimous gentleman when his pride is flattered or his chivalry appealed to. Amuse him, entertain him, play on his vanity, evoke his own ideal of himself as the big-souled conqueror, and he will show himself the good-natured giant, the open-handed soldier, the generous over-man. Resist him, defy him, trick him, or, worst of all, baffle him by a moody silence, and he becomes a maddened savage who will torture and kill. All this is interesting, but to our mind, the really arresting thing in the book is the evidence it gives of the degradation in which the Bulgarian race was still sunk in the early 'seventies. The modern Macedonian peasant can usually read and write, he has often travelled, and has acquired a shrewd if sketchy notion of the resources of civilization. The peasants of forty years ago were barely emerging from a bestial ignorance in which the exuberant and whimsical superstitions were the only ideal element. Stoyanoff, who began life as an illiterate shepherd boy, gives an inventory of their mental furniture. Their world was peopled with saints and hobgoblins, and it was evidently no uncommon thing, when you had killed a wild boar, to discover from a ring on his leg, or a bit of cotton-wool in his ears, that he was in fact a recently deceased Turk. These men had apparently no idea of resenting oppression, and if a Turk beat them, they took their misfortune as the punishment of Heaven for some ritual neglected, or some fast infringed.

The early apostles of revolt were received in this world very much as were the early revolutionaries in Russian villages. Their talk of rebellion was something merely dangerous, shocking, and unwelcome. Some of the early bands were delivered to the Turks by the Bulgarian villagers themselves, who seem to have carried out their treason, not from selfish cowardice, but with all the enthusiasm of outraged morality. Wealthy Bulgarians sat on Turkish councils, and behaved with an exaggerated loyalty when a Bulgarian rebel came before them. The common criminals in the gaols regarded the "politicals" as outcasts, utterly beneath them. To one who has known Macedonia in time of insurrection, all this seems nearly incredible. There the traitor was the almost inconceivable exception, and when a band was betrayed, it was almost always by a member of another race. But the Bulgarian pioneers did their work quickly. In the town of Rustchuk, a gallant old lady, who was the soul of the early movement, gave all her sons to the revolt. When the first of them fell, her neighbors shunned her as a

woman who had brought disgrace to the town, and his body went to the grave unhonored. When the second and the third were hanged together, only two years later, all the women of the place joined the mother in openly following their bodies to a tomb of honor, and this under the eyes of Turkish soldiers and police. In those two years Bulgaria was made, and a people had passed morally from slavery to freedom. He who struggles is already emancipated. It is the will to be free which makes a nation. The work of the Bulgarian insurgents was to make this will. Half-civilized, half-educated, dimly struggling out of a brutish degradation to the stature of manhood, their record is stained with unnumbered crimes. But when the balance is poised, this service will save their names. They broke chains which had become an ornament of respectability, created faith where none had dared to hope, and made a nation by defying prudence and challenging probability.

MARINETTI.

"Yes, he's a fine fellow, there's no doubt," said the Critic. "He has vitality, and I suppose vitality is the one thing that counts. I've never seen such energy, such abandonment to the thing in hand, such forgetfulness of self. He would have gone on talking and reciting all night, and every sentence was like the firing of a machine gun."

"He is the sun," cried the Disciple, "he is the South, he is the brilliance of day penetrating our twilight regions of Romanticism, of pessimism, of half-hearted passion, half-hearted despair, timid hesitations, philosophic doubts, tender sentiments, literary fastidiousness, armchair meditations! At his rising the bats and owls of tradition, of accepted veneration, of criticism and 'good form,' are scattered in flight and seek refuge again among the mouldering ruins of obsolete castles and the towers of patched-up cathedrals, always encumbered with scaffolding to keep them upright."

"Go on, please," said the Critic; "I seem to hear that amazing voice again, that rush of words which this week made the Poetry Shop and the restaurant in Rupert Street and the Doré Gallery (queer conjuncture!) re-echo like a battlefield."

"A battlefield! Yes, we are on the very field of battle!" said the Disciple. "The first two articles of the Master's Manifesto of Futurism are a declaration of war: 'We sing the love of danger,' he wrote, 'the habitual exercise of energy and rashness. The essential elements of our poetry shall be courage, audacity, and revolt.' True art is heroism; it is nothing but heroism; it is the only heroism. Art lives in bivouac. It never ceases from mental fight. No comfort, no civilian fire-side life for us! No peace, or rest, or hospital! The enemy is vast. He is gigantic, overwhelming. He is the Age itself—our Age of weakness, of sentimentality, of softness and luxury, of toy women ('la Femme bibelot,' I believe, is the phrase I want), of effeminate excess, of the worship of precedent, of research, of rules, of chilly intelligence. To quote the last line of our Manifesto, as I quoted the first, 'Erect on the topmost pinnacle of the world, once again we fling our defiance to the stars!'"

"A wide challenge!" said the Critic; "and yet I remember some lines which said:—

Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong."

By what he called Duty, I suppose, the poet implied a certain kind of rule, a limit, natural law, or whatever name you choose. But let us leave the stars and the age alone for a bit, and stick to poetry; that was the Master's main subject this week. I suppose the rules of poetry are only the result of experience—the experience of thousands of poets all trying to say things in the most beautiful way!"

"I daresay they were all very well in their time," replied the Disciple, "but we have long outgrown them. They are the old leather bottles; we are the new wine.

We have burst them, exploded them, rent them asunder. No trammels for us! If we write in verse at all, it shall be free verse now. Ah! you heard the Master recite his Ode to the Automobile? Was it not superb? What speed, what noise, what a whirling scene!

'Montagnes aux frais manteaux d'azur,
Beaux fleuves, respirant au clair de lune!
Plaines ténébreuses! Je vous dépasse au grand galop
de ce monstre affolé . . . Etoiles, mes Etoiles,
entendez-vous ses pas, le fraças des abois
et ses poumons d'airain croustant interminablement?
J'accepte la gazeuse . . . avec Vous, mes Etoiles! . . .
Plus vite! . . . encore plus vite! . . . et sans repit, et sans
repos! . . .
Lâchez les freins! . . . Vous ne pouvez? . . . Brisez-les
donc! . . .
Que le poulx du moteur centuple ses élan!'"

"Yes," said the Critic, "it was great rhetoric. We will pass your free verse, but it isn't new. To match your Automobile I will take Walt Whitman's 'Song of the Open Road,' which begins, you remember:—

'Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose,
Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need
nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms;
Strong and content, I travel the open road.'

That may have become a little cheap in thought now. It sounds like the hymn of an amateur or garden-suburb tramp. But in feeling and form isn't it almost Futurist? Isn't it about as good as your 'Automobile'? And many have imitated Walt Whitman (one man of extraordinary gifts among them), and yet the free verse never quite succeeds. Perhaps it's too easy, don't you think? Perhaps you can't get beauty without wrestling with some sort of rule."

"On the contrary," answered the Disciple, "it is exactly the traditional rule that makes the wrestling easy. Nothing is easier than obedience. The laziest man is always the man who obeys. Rules encourage laziness. Give any fool five words for tagging rhymes, and in ten minutes he will turn you out quite a decent sonnet, all complete, with fourteen lines and everything correct, like a top-hat in a band-box. I've seen it done by a score of people at a silly evening party. These cursed rules spawn the monotonous verses that make people sick of poetry. We are out to break down monotony. We'll have no more of it."

"Oh, yes, the great poets were all very well in their time. We know all that. Homer had his value, Dante had his value; I suppose even Shakespeare and Milton had a value for those whom they first astonished. But the value of old poets, like the wine of life, keeps oozing, drop by drop. The charm of novelty has left them. No more can they give us the tremulous *frisson* of surprise. We know them all. We are tired to death of their rules, their metres, and their imitators. We will stick them safe in libraries, as we stick the Old Masters in picture-galleries. Just once a year, perhaps, we'll take a look at them, to see how far we have left them behind. But, for the rest, we will follow the Master's necessary regulation, 'to spit every day on the Altar of Art.'"

"It sounds a little insolent, perhaps," said the Critic, "but when I was a child I used to hear talk of the Futurist Music or Music of the Future, and the Wagnerians used to spit at Mendelssohn and others in much the same way. And now, I suppose, to Scriabine's disciples, Wagner is about as *passé* as Mendelssohn himself."

"That's the beauty of all Futurism," cried the Disciple, eagerly. "It never stops. It is always rushing forward, like an aeroplane, like the sightless couriers of the air. In a year or two, we shall be the Masters, and our present works will be called Masterpieces. And again in a year or two more our Masterpieces will be stowed in museums and galleries, which no human soul will enter unless he wants to rot, to putrefy, to dwell in the charnel of the past."

"Futurism, then, seems to imply that the newest is always best," observed the Critic; "that the *dernier cri* is always true. I'm not so sure."

"It's true in this case, anyhow," said the Disciple. "The aim of poetry, the aim of all art is to express actual life at its highest. Think of our actual life! In the last fifty years life has passed through a revolution compared with which the French Revolution was a scratch on the surface. Every year, every day, increases the velocity of the upheaval. Think of speed alone—the railway, the motor, the aeroplane! Think of the rapidity of change—the peasant transferred in an hour from his lethargic valley to the tearing capital; the tourist transferred in a day from his stuffy home-life to the mountain hotel! Think of the financier's life, the yellow journalist's, the engine-driver's, the miner's, the politician's, the suffragette's! All this we have to express—the speed, the simultaneousness, the complexity, the brilliance, the smells, the flashing, the peril, and the noise.

"Oh, we have so much of importance to say! And do you suppose we can cram it into those weary old forms? We have abandoned even free verse now. We have abolished syntax, moods, and tenses; we have abolished adjectives and adverbs; we have abolished punctuation, and still we can't go quick enough. Nothing is too great for our expression, nothing too small. You remember the Master's grand recitation of his poem describing a train of Turkish wounded stopped by Bulgarian guns. You remember the mingled anguish and hope as the train started; the rude jolts and shocks, and yet the hope, the passing landscape, the thought of reaching Stamboul; and then the air full of the shriek and boom of bullets and shells; the rattle of the machine-guns, the shouting of the captains; and all the time you felt the deadly microbes crawling in the suppurating wounds, devouring the flesh, undermining the thin walls of the entrails—the infinitely little at work in the midst of gigantic turmoil."

"Yes," said the Critic, "it was a great performance. It was the art of a supreme actor. Perhaps your Master will restore to poetry the ancient function of the voice, which printing has so long excluded, as though the eye could judge of sounds. But, indeed, when I listened to him, I seemed like Moses coming from Egypt's land of tombs and solemn pyramids, from monuments of intellectual chill, and from crocodiles sanctified by stupidity and custom. And I seemed to be gazing from Pisgah upon a land of promise. You remember what one of our antiquated poets said last century:—

'Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying,
How I see all of it,
Life there, outlying!

'Honey, yet gall of it!
There's the life lying,
And I see all of it,
Only, I'm dying."

"That's not so bad for a mummy," said the Disciple. "But it is a great and perilous life over which we are looking now—a land of promise, strange, splendid, vibrating with noise, exhaling savage odors, illuminated with colors more brilliant than the rainbow—'des rouououges qui crient, des verts, striidents, des jaunes explosives!' I see a world of strife and tempest and struggling crowds—a world of revolt and rebellion, smitten by the acute angles and crimson lines of rage. And in it move magnificent and adventurous men, tempestuous and proud, side by side with women bold, virile, gigantic, devoid of shame, giving the breast to superb and violent infants, turbulent as Titans of the earthquake."

"It is a queer time for parents that you foresee," said the Critic with a sigh; "Do you remember another of our obsolete poets who, writing of 'The New Age,' once cried:—

'See, on their glowing cheeks
Heavenly the flush!
Ah, so the silence was!
So was the hush!

But no matter for that. We who still carry about with us some shadow of the Egyptian darkness, can but cry to youth as it flashes past, 'De l'audace, de l'audace,

toujours de l'audace!' Which one may translate: 'Be bold, be bold, there's not the smallest fear of an English artist or poet being too bold.'"

THE BLIND SPOT.

THE modern novelist is fond of pressing the latest results of science into his service, and sometimes gives evidence of not having quite mastered the principles on which they are based. An amusing case in point was lately furnished by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—and this is specially worth notice, because it shows that even a scientific training does not always act as a safeguard against "howlers." In his latest novel, the creator of Sherlock Holmes—to whom all tired people owe so much gratitude that he can afford to have an occasional slip pointed out—hit on the ingenious idea of a "poison belt" in the ether which pervades all space. Whilst the earth was passing through this region, all its inhabitants were thrown into a state of lethargy by the effects of the poisonous ether. But the hero and his friends succeeded in keeping themselves free from those effects by barricading themselves in a hermetically sealed room, with cylinders of oxygen to breathe. Probably not one reader in a thousand ever questioned the efficiency of this device. That just shows how glibly we all talk about the ultimate concepts of physical science without really knowing what they postulate. The most essential fact about the ether is that it pervades all space, and slips through the interstices of what we call matter just as readily as through so-called empty space. It is often called specifically the "luminiferous" ether, because its existence was first suggested as the medium through which the waves of light were propagated. Since light passes easily through glass, it is pretty clear that the stuffed-up window at which Professor Challenger and his companions sat to watch the dying throes of the world could not have presented any barrier to the entrance of the poisonous ether! If it had been the more familiar and tangible kind of ether, indeed, which is used by anaesthetists—is it possible that a medical man is peculiarly liable to confuse the two things?

Of course, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle knows what the ether is as well as most educated people. He may say, with Stevenson, that he wanted it so for his tale; or he may acknowledge that the famous "blind spot" of the mind's eye was to blame. That blind spot—which makes one forget in writing what one knows perfectly well at other times—has a good deal to answer for in fiction. It has led, for instance, to a great deal of what Scots lawyers call "vicious intramission" with the celestial bodies. In one of Stevenson's most beautiful night-pieces—"Prince Otto," Book II., Chapter 9—the midnight sky is described with the addition of "a shaving of new moon," which had lately arisen. But everybody who has lived in the country knows, without any professions to astronomy, that the new moon is visible just after sunset, and sets not long after the sun. It is stated that Dickens tells of the new moon appearing in the east in the early evening—though we have not the reference—and Sir Walter Besant, in "Children of Gibeon," allows it to rise at two o'clock in the morning—the active hunter after plagiarisms might suggest that he had borrowed this singular phenomenon from "Prince Otto," since it certainly could not be seen anywhere else. But it was the blind spot that was at fault—the same that made Stevenson, in the first edition of "The Master of Ballantrae," describe Mrs. Henry as thrusting a bloody sword up to the hilt in the ground to cleanse it—a somewhat athletic feat, as the earth was held in the grip of a hard frost at the time.

Novelists and poets are generally supposed to be keen observers, and to base their descriptions of scenery on what they have seen—thus serving as eyes for the less observant or less fortunately situated portion of humanity. But sometimes their observation is sadly to seek when they deal with the phenomena of the heavens. One would think that everybody had noticed that the Evening Star never visibly rises, but only sets. In other

words, Venus, when she plays her part as Hesperus, the star of the evening, does not rise over the eastern horizon, but comes into view in the western sky about sunset, and follows the sun down under the earth. It is only when—as at present—she is the Morning Star that early gettters-up can see her rise in the east before the sun. Yet so close an observer of Nature as Tolstoy went wrong over this matter. When Levine went snipe-shooting, in chapter 15 of "Anna Karenina," we read as follows (Mrs. Garnett's translation):—"Venus, bright and silvery, shone with her soft light, low down in the west, behind the birch-trees. . . . Levine resolved to stay a little longer, till Venus, which he saw below a branch of birch, should be above it. . . . Venus had risen above the branch." Here is the blind spot again; for Tolstoy must have watched Venus setting many a time and oft. What is still more remarkable is that Catullus seems to have made the same blunder in one of his most exquisite poems. For the lovely Epithalamium, which is sung by alternate choruses of young men and maidens, begins thus:—

"Vesper adest: juvenes, consurgite: Vesper Olympo
Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit."

It is difficult to construe these lines as meaning anything but that the Evening Star is seen rising about the shoulder of Olympus. And the curious thing is that no commentator on Catullus seems to have been struck by this remarkable phenomenon, which would be quite as much of a miracle as the sun standing still upon Gibeon, or the shadow going back ten steps on the dial of Abaz. Indeed, the late Dr. Robinson Ellis calmly says, in his great "Commentary on Catullus": "Whether as a fact the Evening Star could be seen at the same time rising from Olympus and Oeta hardly affects the question. Probably they (*sic*) could from some point in the Ægean." Dr. Ellis evidently saw no difficulty in making a star rise in the west! Huxley was fond of girding at the educational system which allowed the most brilliant scholar to be grossly ignorant of the simplest facts of Nature, and this is certainly a case which affords some basis for his strictures.

Sir Rider Haggard made a "howler" in the first edition of "King Solomon's Mines." The *clou* of that delightful tale of adventure was originally an eclipse of the sun, by predicting which—as in the probably apocryphal story of Columbus—Captain Good saved the lives of his companions at an exceedingly critical moment. Unfortunately, the author made total darkness last for an hour or so, in order to give time for the Englishmen to escape before the effect wore off. When some astronomical reader pointed out that no eclipse was ever total for more than four or five minutes, Sir Rider Haggard was weak enough to yield to scientific criticism, and turned his eclipse of the sun into one of the moon, thereby spoiling most of its impressive effect. Nor did it occur to him that lunar eclipses are fairly frequent, and that the subjects of King Twala must have seen enough of them not to be greatly affected by a phenomenon which their own medicine men had surely worked for all it was worth.

The late R. A. Proctor once made an onslaught on the methods employed in "Foul Play" for computing the latitude of the Desert Island on which the hero was shipwrecked—and this was one of the few attacks to which Charles Reade could not find a reply that he thought worth reprinting in his collected works. The Reverend Robert Penfold decided to "try and make a rough calculation of the sun's parallax" in order to find out his latitude. Proctor rather rudely, but truthfully, remarked that it would have been every bit as much to the point to calculate how many cows' tails would reach to the moon. And to calculate the sun's parallax with no instruments would be about as easy as to make a motor-car without any tools. Proctor added the only moral that can attach to a catalogue of this nature—namely, that people in general read novels with more attention than text-books of science, and are very apt to pick up false notions which stick in their minds when the novelist himself gets out of his depth—much as our delightful Dumas is answerable for giving a permanent kink to our notions of French history.

The affecting catastrophe of "The Mill on the Floss" supplies another instance of the blind spot—all the more interesting because George Eliot was by way of being a scientifically trained writer. Tom and Maggie were run down by some wooden machinery which had been carried away by the flood on which their boat was adrift. But, as they were also in the current which was bringing "the hurrying, threatening masses" along, they would have floated at the same pace, and only deliberate suicide—by rowing hard against the stream—could possibly have accounted for their destruction in the way described. Even Mr. H. G. Wells, whose real knowledge of scientific principles gave him such a rich mine to draw upon in his earlier fantasies, sometimes gives us a problem hard to solve—as when, in "The First Men in the Moon," he assumes that a sheet of a substance opaque to gravitation would deprive the column of air above it of all weight, and forgets that the attraction of the earth would still be exerted sideways. Wilkie Collins, they say, used to consult a physician whenever one of his characters fell ill, in a meticulous fear of employing the wrong symptoms. Popular novelists make so much money nowadays that they could well afford to hire a cheap scientist to read their proofs. But, after all, what does it matter if they go astray? Dr. Johnson used to say that a man was not on oath in an epitaph; and we should not expect a good story to be also a text-book of science.

WEALTH AND LIFE.

II.—UNREST.

No genuine remedy for working-class discontent can be glimpsed at present in party politics; though of mere palliatives more than enough are always being proposed. Legislation is far more likely to be dragged behind outside action, or to sheer off in a wrong direction altogether, than to take the lead. Nor do the sub-politics of what is called social effort seem much more hopeful.

Last year, the "Daily Mail" printed a long correspondence on labor unrest. Writers on, and dealers in, social subjects stood round like bellmen (myself among them), each ding-donging his main or his one idea. Of the correspondence as a whole, very various opinions were to be heard. "They talks. . . . Aye! but what do 'em do for to better it?" The correspondence did, however, at least one thing. It admitted in the most public manner possible, first, that a real labor unrest exists; and, secondly, not without reason. It knocked on the head the agitator bogey as sole cause of strikes. It marked some realization of the fact that working people are thinking for themselves not by any means always what they are supposed or instructed to think. Those who have ever tried to move them knew beforehand that they simply refuse to budge unless already ripe for action. It is the middle classes—the classes in unstable equilibrium—which skip like young sheep to their journalistic shepherds' piping. The labor unrest correspondence was a public confession that the working classes do suffer wrong.

But over whom, more exactly, were we so solemnly wagging our heads? He is dubbed, for short, the worker, because he is so many that we are driven to picture him as one. But he is, in fact, the most part of the people of England. Taking the income-tax exemption limit as a rough dividing line, he and his folk are thirty-nine millions out of forty-four and a half millions.

Later on, the articles and letters were reprinted as a book, entitled "What the Worker Wants." Confusion was worse confounded. What *did* the worker want? Higher wages, of course. But wages are only a means to an end. The general impression was as if, say, I had some main object in life, and, having worked very hard all day at it, I came home, tired, to tea, chose a bloater instead of a boiled egg, and suggested washing out the teapot properly. Then some stranger comes along and asks: "He tires himself out at something, and looks pretty savage at times. What's his object in life? What's he out after? What does he want?"

"Please, he wants a bloater, and stale tea-leaves in the pot always makes 'em nasty-tempered, 'cause he likes a good cup of tea. That's what he wants."

And that, according to the bloater-politics of social reform, is what the worker wants—something, anything cheap, to keep him quiet, so that things can go on much as they are—something to soothe the immediate symptoms of his trouble.

Does he want nothing more?

London and other centres are a-buzz with social effort. Societies and institutions multiply for the relief, improvement, or suppression of everything conceivable. Some want to emigrate the pick of the nation, others to send them back to the land or the sea, and others to send them to the devil, in gaol. But broadly speaking, their activities are of two kinds. On the one hand, the charitable are prepared to give, and give largely, provided the recipients of their charity appear to be "deserving," conform to regulations, and are duly grateful; provided, that is, they are content to accept the charity not as of right, not as an act of restitution, but as an act of grace, by which the donor acquires merit or power. Therefore, working men are on the increase who openly curse charity: "They'll give 'ee no end, but the advantage they've got over 'ee, to keep 'ee down under, that they never gives away. And so long as our sort takes their charity for to bide quiet, 'twon't never be no better."

The Charity Organization Society tries to re-organize overlapping and abused charities on a business-like basis, but an uncomfortable sense persists, that organized, business-like charity, however devoted, is a poor makeshift for economic re-organization, and that the true charity, oftenest found among the poor themselves—that of understanding and fellow-feeling, which gives what itself badly needs—is too personal a thing, too fine a flower of kindness, not to wither under the coarse hand of business method. So much, moreover, of philanthropy on a large scale is only giving back to the poor a portion of that which, directly or indirectly, has been ground out of them by strictly business methods. And all the charities together do but touch the fringe of the misery that exists. Be they genuine or dubious, by their own admission they are ineffective. It is hard to give well, and fatally easy to feel as the peer did, who said frankly that he liked to sit in his club window and watch it rain on the damn people. Quite probably, his subscription list was large.

On the other hand, there are those who try to organize the workers, some in order to make them more efficient and profitable, to get them to pay themselves for their own betterment, and some because they are persuaded that what the poor cannot win by their own organized strength they will never obtain.

Reform is in the air, and there for the most part it stays. Better housing is admittedly urgent—on condition, when it comes to the point, that the people should pay for the land values their own industry has created. Co-partnership fails to make headway, not for lack of feasibility, but for lack of confidence between the proposed partners. Co-operation among the workers receives, in general, an almost universal support, but each specific attempt to introduce it meets with determined opposition from those who stand to lose howsoever little by it. The minimum wage is a crude expedient of despair. At best, it secures for human beasts of burden the bare subsistence they cannot command; it must necessarily be at the mercy of rising prices, unless also the cost of food is legislatively controlled, and in practice it is likely to become a maximum wage continually shrinking in value. Then, indeed, would the worker have sold his man's birthright for a mess of pottage.

Not that the wealthy themselves are untroubled. People who certainly consume more wealth than they ever produce, discuss in their drawing-rooms, and over their exquisitely spread and served tables, what ought to be done, until, did one not know the excellence of their intentions and the underlying defect of imagination—the broken link between the classes—one would be tempted to say that social effort is the modern substitute for common honesty. Like the young man of great possessions, they want to do something, and are ready to

give, but not to give up anything. Dives inspects and investigates Lazarus, but never so does he find out what it feels like to be Lazarus, and Lazarus's point of view. Mr. Wells described our national politics as an impediment in our national speech. Social effort is its well-intentioned stutter.

Meanwhile, the unrest gathers force, the nation needs strength in every limb of it, and the apparently obvious contention that each man should share in defending his country is countered by the many who to their country's disgrace can say: "Let them that's got something to defend—let them that's got the country—do it themselves, or else offer us enough to do it for 'em. What have us got to defend, except the right to starve, or, if you're lucky, to work all your life for a donkey's wage, and then die?"

We pride ourselves on doing the job that lies under our nose, and letting general principles go hang. The doctrinaire and Utopian we scout, and not without reason, for the one is out of touch with life, and the Utopias of the other, we feel, would be admirable—except for living in. Nevertheless, principles are the intellectual organization of effort. Is it not for want of considered principles, a settled aim, and an apprehension of the ultimate forces at work, that our politics yaw and stagger like a ship without ballast, and our social effort is all at sixes and sevens? If political and social problems, being human, are at bottom psychological, is it likely we can arrive at any lasting solution without referring back to the psychology of them? And for that purpose, is not the working class point of view likely to prove, if anything, the more important? It is they who are closer in contact with the great primary realities of life—birth, death, labor, hunger, pain, passion, misery, in their naked forms. It is they who actually live the problem.

What, then, in general terms, is the essential antagonism between the two points of view?

In dealing with life, there is a class of interpenetrating alternatives which do not admit of one final answer. All that can be said is: Which side of the alternative stands foremost. Children ask each other: "D'you live to eat, or eat to live?" Both, doubtless; but eating to live is evidently the foremost side of the alternative. Again, is Labor for Capital, or Capital for Labor? Plainly they need each other, even if Capital should come into the possession of Labor; but that the second side of the alternative stands foremost—that Capital exists for Labor rather than Labor for Capital—is the kernel of the Labor case. In still more general terms, not dependent on the present structure of society, and using *wealth* in its widest sense: Is life for wealth, or wealth for life? Thereabout lies the antagonism between the two points of view. It is reflected in everyday speech. Capital speaks of the supply of Labor—that is, of means towards wealth. Labor, on the contrary, speaks of the supply of work or wages—that is, of means to live. The classes argue from one side of the alternative, the masses from the other. But actually the two sides interpenetrate; for life may subserve wealth in order to obtain the means of more life; and the real point at issue is: Which side of the alternative stands foremost; which, on the whole, represents the means and which the end?

Ultimately, of course, wealth is for life, else useless; and in turn is a product of life. For what is the driving force of humanity, its evolution, civilization, and infinitely complex affairs—of more than humanity, indeed—if not that impulse towards more life, which is inherent in life itself, and without which life would come to an end? Self-interest, self-preservation, reproduction, will to live, will to power, all human motives, do they not find themselves summed up in an *élan de vie*, or impulse towards life and ever more life—life more in quantity or more intense in quality? (No matter, for the moment, whither tending in the end, nor why existing, nor what its final cause.) In the present-day unrest the impulse towards life can be seen at work, as in every other form of activity: it was not for nothing that discontent was called divine, in recognition of what lies behind it.

Two criticisms are probable. The one, a flat denial,

can best be referred to modern developments of science and philosophy, which have found common ground in the life-impulse. The other may run: "Yes, but what difference does that make? One knew it all along."

True. Once stated, it is almost self-evident. We constantly assume it in action. Our speech, even, is in a measure moulded to it. But it is one of those truths that one knows, as it were, without knowing. It is not applied, or sufficiently borne in mind as a sort of ballast for sailing the confused seas of social controversy. Nor is it a philosophy dragged into the subject; the worker's ordinary talk is curiously saturated with it. Life, not wealth—or economics, the science of it—is his home port for adventuring forth on social discussion; and into terms of it he insists on translating everything. Lead him adrift, and back he comes: "That's all very well, but how does it work out in life?"

In a succession of articles, I propose to examine some current political, economic, and social questions from that standpoint.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

Short Studies.

SHYĀMĀ.

"THEFT from the king's treasury!" the cry ran through the town. The thief must be found, or there will be trouble for the officer of the guards.

Vajrasen, a stranger from a foreign port, came to sell horses in the town, and, robbed by a band of robbers of all his earnings, was lying in a ruined temple outside the walls. They charged him with the theft, chained him, and led him through the streets to the prison.

Proud Shyāmā, of a perilous charm, sat in her balcony idly watching the passing crowd. Suddenly she shuddered and cried to her attendant, "Alas, who is that godlike young man with a noble face, led in chains, like a common thief? Ask the officer in my name to bring him in before me."

The chief of the guards came with the prisoner and said to Shyāmā, "Your favor is untimely, my lady; I must hasten to do the king's bidding."

Vajrasen quickly raised his head and broke out, "What caprice is this of yours, fair one, to bring me in from the street to mock me with your cruel curiosity?"

"Mock you!" cried Shyāmā, "I could gladly take your chains upon my limbs in exchange for my jewels." Then, turning to the officer, she said, "Take all the money I have, and set him free."

He bowed and said, "It cannot be. A victim we must have to stay the king's wrath."

"I ask only two days' respite for the prisoner," urged Shyāmā. The officer smiled and consented.

On the end of his second night in prison, Vajrasen said his prayers, and sat waiting for his last moment, when suddenly the door opened and the woman appeared with a lamp in her hand, and at her signal the guard unchained the prisoner.

"You come to me with that lamp, merciful woman," said he, "like the dawn with her morning star after a night of delirious fever."

"Merciful indeed!" Shyāmā cried, and broke out in a wild laughter, till tears came with a burst, and she sobbed and said, "There is no stone brick in this prison-tower harder than this woman's heart." And clutching the prisoner's hand, she dragged him out of the gates.

On the Varunā's bank the sun rose. A boat was waiting at the landing. "Come to the boat with me, stranger youth," Shyāmā said, "only know that I have cut all my bonds, and I drift in the same boat with you."

Swiftly the boat glided on. Merrily sang the birds. "Tell me, my love," asked Vajrasen, "what untold wealth did you spend to buy my freedom?"

"Hush, not now," said Shyāmā.

Morning wore on to noon. Village women had

gone back home with their clothes dripping from the bath, and pitchers filled with water. Marketing was over. The village path glared in the sun all lonely. In the warm gusts of the noontide wind Shyāmā's veil dropped from her face. Vajrasen murmured to her ears, "You freed me from a bond that was brief to bind me in a bond everlasting. Let me know how it was done." The woman drew her veil over her face and said, "Not now, my beloved."

The day waned, and it darkened. The breeze died away. The crescent moon glimmered feebly at the edge of the steel-black water.

Shyāmā sat in the dark, resting her head on the youth's shoulder. Her hair fell loose on his arms. "What I did for you was hard, beloved," she said in a faint whisper, "but it is harder to tell you. I shall tell it in few words. It was the love-sick boy Uttiya, who took your place, charging himself with the theft, and making me a present of his life. My greatest sin has been committed for the love of you, my best beloved."

While she spoke the crescent moon had set. The stillness of the forest was heavy with the sleep of countless birds. Slowly the youth's arm slipped from the woman's waist. Silence round them became hard and cold as a stone.

Suddenly the woman fell at his feet and clung to his knees crying, "Forgive me, my lord. Leave it to my God to punish me for my sin."

Snatching his feet away, Vajrasen hoarsely cried, "That my life should be bought by the price of a sin! that every breath of mine should be accursed!"

He stood up and leapt from the boat on to the bank, and entered the forest. He walked on and on till the path closed, and the dense trees, tangled with creepers, stopped him with fearful fantastic gestures. Tired, he sat on the ground. But who was it that followed him in silence the long dark way, and stood at his back like a phantom?

"Will you not leave me?" shouted Vajrasen. In a moment the woman fell upon him with an impetuous flood of caresses; with her tumbling hair and trailing robes, with her showering kisses and panting breath she covered him all over. In a voice choked with pent-up tears, she said, "No, no; I shall never leave you. I have sinned for you. Strike me if you will, kill me with your own hands."

The still blackness of the forest shivered for a moment, a horror ran through the twisting roots of trees underground. A groan and a smothered breath rose through the night, and a body fell down upon the withered leaves.

The morning sun flashed on the far-away spire of the temple when Vajrasen came out of the woods. He wandered in the hot sun the whole day by the river on the sandy waste, and never rested for a moment.

In the evening he aimlessly went back to the boat. There on the bed lay an anklet. He clutched it, and pressed it to his heart till it bruised him. He fell prone upon the blue mantle left lying in a heap in the corner; hid his face in its folds, and from its silken touch and evasive fragrance struggled to absorb into his being the memory of a dear living body.

The night shook with a tense and tingling silence. The moon hid behind the trees. Vajrasen stood up and stretched out his arms towards the woods, and madly called, "Come, my love, come!"

Suddenly a figure came out of the darkness, and stood on the brink of the water.

"Come, love, come!"

"I have come, my beloved. Your dear hands failed to kill me. It is my doom to live."

Shyāmā came and stood before the youth. He looked at her face, he moved a step to take her to his arms—then thrust her away with both hands and cried, "Why, oh why, did you come back?"

He shut his eyes, turning his face, and said, "Go, go, leave me."

For a minute the woman stood silent before she knelt at his feet, and bowed low. Then she rose and went up

the river bank, and vanished in the vague of the woods like a dream merging into sleep; and Vajrasen, with aching heart, sat silent in the boat.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The Drama.

THE ANCIENT BRITON AGAIN.

"Great Catherine." By Bernard Shaw. Produced at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Potomkin	NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Varinka	MIRIAM LEWES.
Sergeant	J. COOKE BERESFORD.
Captain Edstaston	EDMOND BREON.
Naryshkin	E. F. MAYEUR.
Princess Dashkof	ANNIE HILL.
The Empress Catherine	GERTRUDE KINGSTON.
Claire	DOROTHY MASSINGHAM.

THE average Englishman—the "*ultimus Britannus*," the "last thing" in Empire-makers, the inimitable and irresistible "nut"—is a great thing for Mr. Shaw. He cannot get on for long without him; and so he ties him in turn to Ireland's rags, to Cæsar's sword, to Burgoyne's uniform, and now to the skirts of Catherine the Great. It is always one aspect of our hated and admired race which especially fascinates Mr. Shaw. That is the ever-renewed miracle of our material success. Why does the world stand still before the nod of this Joke and Heir of all the Ages—victorious over Humor, Logic, Manners, Tact, and the rest of the other peoples' long cuts to failure? That the Englishman is absurd cannot be denied, and yet Mr. Shaw is philosopher enough to see that this absurdity is quite as clearly the badge of his genius. See this most naïve and hypocritical of nations at work. See it in politics losing America by folly and gaining her again by money and flattery; summoning the Boers to unconditional surrender and conditionally surrendering to them the Empire of South Africa; putting Larkin into gaol in the name of eternal justice and letting him out again in a fortnight under the same venerable auspices. See it in art, smiling alike on Blake and on Leighton. See it in religion—but in religion I am afraid Mr. Shaw declines to see us at all. So he turns from this painful subject to exhibit his favorite Englishman, the military blockhead, standing unshaken in his solid mind before a tyrant's raging face, and unchilled by the east wind of her disfavor. Captain Edstaston is, of course, a slight sketch, but it is a very agreeable one, and I cannot for the life of me see why it makes the critics so angry. It is true that a more prolonged and serious effort is due from Mr. Shaw. But for the present he is in the vein in which our drama has chosen or been forced to run; and to which all but the most inflexible mind must needs bow, if he would have the public sway to the suggestions of his genius.

There are, of course, some stock objections to Mr. Shaw's method. Present a thesis, lay stress on a type of character, attempt to criticize your own times in the guise of a "thumb-nail sketch" of the past, and you necessarily depart from objective history. Treat the stuff of man's nature as essentially the same under all the skies of earth and all the fashions of the world, and you must disregard the finer shades of difference, and present broad views of the human comedy. Treat it farcically, but with the same formula, and you must be more "modern," more anachronistic, still. Mr. Shaw's "Catherine II." is quite verifiable. Sensuality, humor, pride of intellect more than of place, are characteristics which were hers, and they are transferred easily and amusingly to Mr. Shaw's gay canvas. But she and still more, Potemkin, are mainly foils to Edstaston; the Russian way of "going round" to the Englishman's obtuse directness. By setting a perfect prig in a Court where priggishness is about the only unpractised vice, the author of "Great Catherine" gets a proper effect of irony. And if the Court is a Russian Court, with Catherine II. as its head and the knout as a possible

weapon of injured coquetry, it seems good to use a rollicking Aristophanic humor, rather than a finely pointed wit. But essentially, of course, Mr. Shaw means us to take Captain Edstaston of George III.'s Light Dragoons as a type of Major Jones of George V.'s Heavy Cavalry; and to show in the gallant soldier who declines Potemkin's diamonds, runs away from Catherine's embrace, and leaves foreign policy to Pitt, the kind of person that we think a good Englishman is, so long, at least, as he abides west of Suez. The larger dramatic problem is how far unimaginativeness will carry a man in an over-sophisticated society; the slighter how absurd naughty but humorous people can make unctuous rectitude look. If, beyond this, I am asked whether Catherine the Second talked to her Court in English with a German accent, or was likely to threaten an English envoy with the knout, or whether Potemkin ever rolled drunk into the Imperial bed at a *petit lever*, I can only answer that, not having been there, I do not know. But as I happen to have met Captain Edstaston in Bond Street, at the Palace of Westminster, at dinner tables, and on parade grounds, and in churches and places where they sing, I take leave to enjoy him as he is, and to leave his century out of account.

The acting of "Great Catherine" seemed to be remarkably good; and it is some testimony to Mr. Shaw's stagecraft that this is so general a report as to representations of his plays. There were, indeed, some blank spaces in his inventiveness, and one or two *longueurs* in his dialogue, which is a fault of his later and more colloquial dramatic work. But Mr. McKinnel and Miss Kingston, with a perfect Anglo-German accent, were beyond praise. No artist on the English stage now approaches Mr. McKinnel in the variety and force of his work; and, as can be seen in the inferior but interesting "Between Sunset and Dawn," in its delicacy.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

LAND POLICY AND LAND TAXATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I reply through your columns to Mr. Acland's second letter to me, printed in a recent number of THE NATION?

1. His first point is that I have "dropped overboard" the policy of "absorbing the whole economic rent." I have always thought that the change in the basis of rating, as recommended by the Select Committee over which Lord Strathclyde presided, was the best immediately practical proposal. But one may advocate this and yet retain one's ultimate ideals. I think, too, that Mr. Trustram Eve and the Land Union would tell Mr. Acland that the mere change in the basis of rating alone would absorb a very large part of "economic rent"—too large a part for their comfort.

2. I am very glad to see that Mr. Acland agrees, with certain reservations, to the proposals of the Committee above referred to as to basing rates on full site value instead of on the annual value of buildings and improvements. The present rating system is, as Mr. Lloyd George said at Middlesbrough, "insane."

3. Mr. Acland proceeds in his third point to minimize the importance of this change in the basis of rating in rural districts, while admitting that it would lead to increased use of the land in suburban areas. I think that, as it is based on economic laws of universal truth, it will tend to have the same effect in town and country alike. If he will inquire from his colleague Mr. Runciman, he will be given numerous figures as to the assessment of farms before and after they were cut up into small holdings. He will find that generally the number of workers on the land has doubled, and that the assessment for rates has doubled too. If rates were based on full site value, then the rates on the small holdings would be the same per acre as on the large farm. We should cease to protect the old and penalize the new, in the country as in the town, if the change of which Mr. Acland approves for the town alone, were made generally applicable.

4. The next objection raised is familiar. It is that a tax on land values makes land no cheaper for the tenant, or for the new purchaser. That he will merely pay less to the owner and more to the State. Even though we leave out of account any remission of rates on improvements, this statement of the case is erroneous. The advantage to be expected from rating land values (or taxing them) is that it will increase the supply of land available for use. An increased supply means a decreased price or rent, independently of any change in the respective shares of State and private owner in that rent. This, I think, Mr. Acland sees, for he safeguards himself by the qualification, "unless you can push up the margin of cultivation." That is, indeed, exactly the object of the change in rating which we advocated. If more land of higher fertility is available, and the demand remains constant, then land of lower fertility will be abandoned and the margin of cultivation will rise.

5. "I do not," says Mr. Acland, "measure the value of a Liberal proposal by the amount of attack it makes on anyone." He is quite right not to do so. We do not want to attack "anyone." But when Mr. Lloyd George sets out to attack the land monopoly, he is attacking a vested interest—not "anyone." Now a vested interest or monopoly is the possession of a power to tax the community for private advantage—in rent or higher prices. I think one may very well measure the value of a Liberal Bill by the amount of attack that it makes on a monopoly—especially if that Bill calls itself an attack on that monopoly. I feel sure Mr. Acland would agree whole-heartedly with this if, by any chance, we had a protective tariff, and the miserable results of that tariff came to be dealt with by the State. He would not then be content with regulating the trusts and monopolies. He would want to attack the vested interests; and would measure the value of the attack by the collapse in the selling value of the shares in the trusts and monopolies. He would not be content to see his party embark on an "attack" which was compatible with increased powers of extortion in the hands of the monopoly; however much he may now contemplate with equanimity an attack on the land monopoly "ultimately compatible with increased rents."—Yours, &c.,

JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD.

Barlston Lea, Stoke-on-Trent.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have just seen your issue of November 8th, containing an exchange of letters between Mr. F. D. Acland and Mr. J. C. Wedgwood.

There are two points which must most forcibly strike any reader about Mr. Acland's defence of the Swindon-cum-Middlesbrough policy of the Government, viz:—

(1) His statement that "unless you can push up the margin of cultivation, increasing the annual charge is the only way in which you are going to make land cheaper."

(2) His admission that one "may be right in thinking that this (i.e., improved conditions for farmer and laborer) is ultimately compatible with increased rents, too."

In regard to the first point, I would like to ask Mr. Acland whether he really wishes to "cheapen the land"? Is not this rather ambiguous wording, our case surely being that we wish to make it not only possible but incumbent upon the occupier to increase the productivity and real value of his land? Surely, all we desire is equitable treatment for both vendor and purchaser, and if—under State control—that entails reduction in a vendor's monopolistic demands, surely that is not equivalent to "cheapening the land"!

Further, does it not strike Mr. Acland that there is something illogical, and even contradictory, in the following two sentences?

"We want to make the best of the land in this country for the sake of the farmer, the laborer, the landlord, the people and the nation as a whole" (Mr. Lloyd George, at Swindon); and "This is ultimately compatible with increased rents too" (Mr. Acland).

Surely, this latter confession excludes the vital part of the former statement—i.e., "make the best of the land for the nation as a whole." For the direct result of increased rents when going into the pockets of individuals owning—i.e.,

controlling the use of—the land, will be the very opposite to benefiting the nation as a whole.

The Government have laid a good foundation. They are now proposing to build up a sound edifice worthy of an Imperial race. Surely, they will not leave the building without a roof—or, at best, with only a patched roof—but will, in Mr. George's own words, "have the foresight to look ahead for generations," and in securing that all advantages inherent in, and to be derived from, the land shall go to the people, to the nation as a whole, will, by acquiring full control and ownership of the land on equitable terms, set upon the building a safe and impenetrable dome.—Yours, &c.,

E. H. FORD.

Frinton-on-Sea, November 17th, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Baron de Forest appears to consider it axiomatic that any land reform which results in a rise of rents must be pernicious. May I ask why?

The obvious conclusion would seem to be that an administrative reform so successful in increasing the productiveness of the soil as not only to raise wages and profits, but rent also, would render the land tax which Baron de Forest advocates both easier to levy and more productive!

Secure tenure, decently paid labor, and free access of all to the soil might easily make land now producing £10 per acre, of which, say, £2 goes for rent, yield £15 per acre, with, say, £2 10s. for rent, still leaving an increase of £4 10s. in the amount available to reward labor and capital. Does Baron de Forest really consider this an undesirable result from any point of view?

And there is more than one point of view to be considered in this matter—that, for example, of the underpaid laborer in his insanitary cottage, as well as that of the comfortable theorist who sees no need for troubling about housing schemes or Minimum Wage Boards until he has, perhaps a generation hence, got land taxation imposed to his liking, and taken further time to watch its indirect results.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

Riber, Matlock.

November 17th, 1913.

THE REVIVAL OF THE BLASPHEMY LAWS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—On Monday last, at the Staffordshire Assizes, before Mr. Justice Coleridge, Thomas William Stewart, lecturer, was found guilty of "committing blasphemy by attacking the truth of the Christian religion." A specific charge of circulating indecent literature was also brought against him, but on this he was acquitted. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labor.

It appears from "The Times" report that the prisoner's offences fell under three heads:—

1. He "ridiculed the names of God and Jesus Christ." This offence is difficult to understand without further information. Perhaps he ridiculed the idea that God should have a proper name, or that, if He had, it should belong to a particular Semitic language.

2. He ridiculed the story of Creation in the Book of Genesis. This needs no comment. If treated as matter-of-fact history the story is obviously ridiculous.

3. He ridiculed the story of the miraculous birth of Christ. This story may not be an appropriate subject for ridicule, but it is generally recognized as thoroughly appropriate for sceptical criticism, and has been rejected by many divines, not to speak of laymen.

I am trying to get further information about the words Mr. Stewart used, or is accused of having used. For all I know, they may have been in the worst possible taste. But he is not being punished under any law against bad taste or obscene language. He is being punished under the law for "blasphemy, in attacking the truth of Christianity."

The law of blasphemy rests mainly on an Act of 1697-8, modified in 1812-13 during the full flood of reaction and persecution. Its grotesque and indeed monstrous character

can be seen by a glance at the article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the writer of which observes that "the law against blasphemy has practically ceased to be put in active operation." If he were writing at the present day he would have to express himself differently, and say that it had ceased to be put into force except against the poor and uneducated, or perhaps occasionally against individuals who happen to be obnoxious to the police.

The existence of a law which sends people to prison for "denying the Christian religion to be true or the Holy Scriptures of divine authority" seems to me a preposterous anomaly, and if it were fairly or consistently carried out its absurdity would be manifest. But it is not, and cannot be, consistently carried out. The upper classes can criticize Christianity as freely as they would criticize Buddhism or Islam, and no one thinks of imprisoning them. It is only working-men and Hyde Park lecturers who suffer; and they suffer partly because they have no powerful friends behind them, partly because their manners in controversy are apt to be inelegant.

All Liberals should unite in demanding that these prosecutions for blasphemy and sedition should either cease or else be applied consistently. If the Home Secretary prefers the latter course, I shall be happy to lay before him ample evidence on which to send to hard labor a large number of my learned colleagues, several ministers of religion, and at least two members of his Majesty's Government.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY.

82, Woodstock Road, Oxford.
November 19th, 1913.

"THEY SAY AND DO NOT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Have Ministers entirely forgotten The Hague Conference? Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking at Middlesbrough on Saturday, said:—

"It would be better for Germany and Great Britain and France and Russia if they agreed to drop it (i.e., this twenty millions) in the German Ocean, rather than that you should spend it on this hideous machinery and mechanism of human slaughter. They could soon bring down the rates and taxes, build houses, sweep away slums, and make a really new land in Britain, if they could only get these countries frankly by the hand, and say, 'No more murder!'"

Mr. Asquith, speaking last night at the Guildhall, referred to the "unprecedented addition, both on land and sea, to the apparatus of organized destruction," and concluded:—

"Is it not time for statesmen and for men of business to take counsel together to secure a saner and more fruitful appropriation of the common resources of mankind?"

Surely The Hague Conference and its preparatory committees afford the proper and official opportunity for "getting the nations frankly by the hand and saying"—though doubtless in more diplomatic phrase—"No more murder!" Surely they offer the occasion "for statesmen and men of business to take counsel together" for the ends Mr. Asquith indicated.

Yet, while many another Power has appointed its National Committee to prepare plans for the next Conference, there is no word of the appointment of a British National Committee. And as for the International Committee, Sir Edward Grey stated in the House of Commons last July that "no steps had yet been taken" for its appointment. And rumors purporting to come from the Foreign Office hint at a postponement of the next Hague Conference from 1915—the year proposed by its predecessor—to a later date.

"Is it not time"—to use Mr. Asquith's own words—for our statesmen and our men of business to take counsel together in a British National Committee, to prepare proposals—of a business and not of a platform kind—for the next Hague Conference? And is it not time for all of us to insist that there shall be no delay in our Government making preparations for The Hague Conference to meet in 1915?

If Ministers had only "put their creed into their deed," we should have had long ere this, instead of barren

asseverations of a pacific purpose, the definite announcement of the appointment of a British National Committee—let us say representative of Commerce, Labor, and our overseas Dominions—with instructions to prepare, not a succession of rhetorical phrases, but a serious business agenda for the next Hague Conference.—Yours, &c.,

F. HERBERT STEAD.

29, Grosvenor Park, London, S.E.,

November 11th, 1913.

BLAKE AND BRITISH ART.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It was a pleasure to read the vigorous and determined attack on Blake's painting by your correspondent, Mr. S. P. Kerr, because such courageous and outspoken criticism of an established reputation is as wholesome as it is rare, and because Mr. Kerr has the courage to follow out to their logical conclusions the commonly accepted views of pictorial art. It is, indeed, highly instructive to show us, as Mr. Kerr does, what the implications of that view are, and it may help to make people reconsider the basis of their æsthetic theories. Mr. Kerr is quite right; if we really admire most of the pictures in the Tate Gallery, we have no possible ground for admiring Blake, for the Chantrey Bequest artists and Blake are doing quite different and incompatible things. We are almost forced to choose between Blake and the rest of British Art.

In an article on Blake in the "Burlington Magazine" for March, 1904, I wrote:—"Blake's art is indeed a test case for our theories of æsthetics. It boldly makes the plea for art that it is a language for conveying impassioned thought and feeling, and that it uses the objects of sense as a means to this end, owing them no allegiance, and accepting from them only the service that they can render for this purpose. The essential power of pictorial, as of all other arts, lies in its use of a fundamental and universal symbolism, and whoever has the instinct for this can convey his ideas, though possessed of only the most rudimentary knowledge of the actual forms of nature; while he who has it not cannot by the accumulation of observed facts add anything to the spiritual treasure of mankind."

Though this was written so long ago, I have, till now, found scarcely anyone who accepted fully the challenge thrown down by Blake. Now Mr. Kerr takes it up, and, quite logically, says that, since he admires "Sunrise, with a boat between headlands," he will not admire Blake. It is a good thing that he has spoken out, and it is to be hoped that many will follow his example and boldly declare that, since for them the purpose of art is to recall to their minds agreeably sentimental moments of their past experience, and not to express new and profound conceptions of form, they will not hypocritically acquiesce in a reputation which has been forced upon them by a comparatively small minority.

We shall in this way get to know whether people really like art, or only tolerate it from a certain good-natured indifference. For, as I say, Blake is the best test we have, since he is the only great classic artist England has produced, almost, if not quite, the only artist who has discovered forms directly evocative of his impassioned states of mind, the only artist who has not relied on the associated ideas of natural objects. We must choose between him and almost the whole of British art. For my part, I vote for Blake.—Yours, &c.,

ROGER FRY.

"THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct an error in Mrs. Fawcett's review of the "Life of Florence Nightingale" in your issue of November 15th. Mrs. Fawcett tells us that "it is only since the dawn of the woman's movement" that general recognition has been given to the need of organized nursing for the sick. The organization of women devoted to the nursing of the poor in hospitals, and in their own homes, to care for and nurse the aged poor, and to tend convicts awaiting deportation to the galleys, was effected

in 1642 by that genius in practical philanthropy, St. Vincent de Paul. These pioneer members of the Order of Sisters of Charity forestalled our modern Army Nurses, Parish Nurses, Prison Infirmary Nurses, and Workhouse Nurses; and worked under conditions of horror and disease which those who are acquainted with the state of France after the Fronde, know to be unequalled. In the hospitals of Calais, after the battle of Les Dunes, there were herded 600 sick and wounded French soldiers, dying by the score of infectious disease. Anne of Austria, herself, applied to M. de Vincent for help. The call was read to a gathering of the Sisters, there was a rush of volunteers, and eight were despatched. The civil hospital at Angers had fallen into a scandalous condition, and a petition for help was sent to M. de Vincent. The Superior of the Order, Mlle. Le Gras, and two Sisters, left Paris for the fourteen days' journey (travelling in 1639 was not *de luze*) to undertake the reorganization of the hospital. "The great mission of the Sisters in the provinces was the reform of the hospitals." The need for nursing of the sick in their own homes was no less urgent, and Mlle. Le Gras "was overwhelmed with applications from the owners of great estates, for Nursing Sisters, to attend upon the poor." And not only did the Sisters of Charity give organized and devoted nursing to the diseased and famine-stricken, throughout France, but they carried with them "in addition to their rules for the restoration of health, a new standard of personal life, and of relation to the poor." Seventeenth-century France accorded instant as well as "general" recognition to the value of the work of the Sisters of Charity, founded by the inspired initiative, and guided by the practical administrative wisdom, of St. Vincent de Paul.

I may add that Mrs. Fawcett seems also to be unaware of the women doctors mentioned by Pliny, and practising in Rome; of the unrivalled medical fame of St. Leonilla; of the medical repute of the twelfth-century Abbess Hildegard; and of the reputed cure of St. John Chrysostom, for digestive trouble, by the feminine saint and doctor Nicerata.—Yours, &c.

GERTRUDE M. GODDEN.

November 20th, 1913.

THE MURDER OF FERRER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Several of my Spanish friends have written to me protesting against the letter which appeared in your columns of last week, in glorification of Señor Maura.

I have endeavored to make them understand that I am not the owner of *THE NATION*, and therefore am not responsible for all or even a part of what appears in it.

They qualify the letter as "extra-Conservative," "ultra-Conservative," and apply such opprobrious adjectives to it as would ill befit those reared in strict Nonconformist principles, and with a due regard to the law of libel, to set them down before a more or less discerning public.

As I know some of them are going to write to you, I shall refrain from entering at large into the subject, though there is much to say upon it.

Ferrer, as anyone can see for himself by reading either Mr. William Archer's account, or that of Dr. Simarro, did not have a fair trial.

Though the Military Court, before which he was tried, is, as your correspondent says, a feature of the Spanish Constitution, Ferrer did not get fair play before that Court. Your correspondent applies insulting language to Dr. Simarro. Such language is not held in this country to strengthen an argument, and, moreover, Dr. Simarro is much respected in his native land.

It is unjust and untrue to say that Ferrer was connected with bomb throwing at Barcelona. Even the multitude of police and Government witnesses were unable to prove a single word or action of his connecting him with such outrages.

It is a deliberate mis-statement, and an attempt to prejudice the British public, to say that Ferrer was in any way connected with the bomb outrage that occurred on the day of the wedding of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria. It is true that he was imprisoned on suspicion; but the fact that he was let out, when the whole reactionary Press

of Spain was crying night and day for his execution, is a pretty strong proof of his innocence.

The man who threw the bomb had been in his employment; but even Mr. Bonar Law might chance to have had a secretary in his employ who subsequently became a dynamiter.

Some have entertained angels unawares.

Your correspondent says that only a small and corrupt gang of politicians in Spain withhold their confidence from Señor Maura.

Does he mean to say that Count Romanones and all the Members of the Liberal Government, which has just left office, fall into that category?

Señor Maura is an able man, but as he is the Leader of the Conservative Party, I presume he is a Conservative.

Let me assure your correspondent that there is nothing disgraceful in being a Conservative.

Conservatives in this country are not objects of hatred, but of pity.

I suppose it must be the same in Spain.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM.

14, Washington House, Basil Street, S.W.

November 17th, 1913.

WOMEN AND THE VOTE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In the first article of your current issue you write, "Every man who understands the full doctrine of Liberalism must yield them (i.e., work-women) an equal right of enfranchisement."

This is a very dogmatic assertion, but are you then going to exclude from full possession of the Liberal spirit those of us who think that to give the Parliamentary vote to women would upset the basis on which society is built, and lead to social and domestic anarchy? I believe that fully one-half of the Liberal Party disagree with you on this subject entirely, and think that women physiologically, and by temperament, are not adapted for the function of Government, and agree also with St. Paul (Asiatic though I have heard him called), that a leadership has been given to men by the Creator of the race. But perhaps St. Paul and physiologists, too, are to go by the board in the company of the Prime Minister, for it is quite evident that he does not understand "the full doctrine of Liberalism."—Yours, &c.,

A FULL LIBERAL.

THE FORCIBLE FEEDING OF MISS RICHARDSON.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In referring to Miss Lenton's statement and my own as possibly being untrue, I suggest that you seriously consider and advocate the attendance of a physician not employed in prison at all operations of forcible feeding. I think Mr. McKenna should be obliged to have an outside physician present at every enactment of this outrage on the bodies and minds of suffragist prisoners, for in this way the public would have an impartial statement and description of the torture. I regret to write in this illegible hand, but am yet ill, and can do no better at present.

Persons on trial are allowed witnesses. Why not have witnesses to this modern trial by fire?—Yours, &c.,

MARY RICHARDSON.

Pembridge Gardens, W.

November 8th, 1913.

PURE MUSIC.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There is one phrase in your critic's article last week on Strauss and Elgar which requires the most definite opposition—opposition which, please here suppose, comes from the large class denoted by my subscription.

A critic's words should be criticised on the grounds that

"They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover."

On the other hand, lovers of music are a mute section as a rule, therefore their word should be duly weighed.

The phrase is: "A few toothless old women who still keep mumbling that pure music should be concerned with nothing outside itself."

It is not the overdrawn simile which evokes this remonstrance, but the conviction that your critic sees the whole thing from a specialist's standpoint; a standpoint which, therefore, is extremely interesting, but which, also, is liable to be extremely wrong.

Now, I have never written about music before, but I should like to put the whole matter in this way, plainly and shortly:—I prefer "pure music" to "literary music."

And I shall go on mumbling that, because I have definite reasons, a sense of proportion and of the fittest medium of expression, to support my preference.—Yours, &c.,

MUSIC LOVER.

November 19th, 1913.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In sending you the attached, which I think cannot fail to prove of interest to your readers, I may mention that the readers of "British Birds" Magazine have now placed over 32,000 rings on wild birds of many kinds, and that this is leading to results of great interest and importance in connection with the study of birds.

Should ringed birds ever come into the hands of your readers, I hope they will notify me at once, stating the name on the ring and the number, as well as the date and place where the bird was found. I will then at once inform them when and where the bird was ringed.—Yours, &c.,

H. F. WITHERBY,
Editor, "British Birds."

"SWALLOW RINGED IN AYRSHIRE AND RECOVERED IN
ORANGE FREE STATE.

"In August I received a letter from Mr. A. C. Theron dated from 'Riet Vallei, District Lindley, O.F.S.' stating that a swallow had been captured bearing a ring with my name and address. As Mr. Theron gave neither the number of the ring nor the date of capture, I asked him for these particulars, and have just received his reply and the ring itself. The ring is number E937, and Mr. Theron informs me that the bird was captured at Riet Vallei on March 16th, 1913, and adds, 'I do not know when it arrived.' This ring was placed on a nestling swallow by Mr. R. O. Blyth, at Skelmorlie, Ayrshire, on July 27th, 1912.

"A few months ago an adult swallow, ringed in Staffordshire, was recorded as having been captured near Utrecht, Natal, in December, and the present record is from about one hundred and fifty miles west of that place, which is not far in comparison with the total length of the journey.

"In writing of the Natal record I expressed surprise that a swallow breeding in the far west of Europe should migrate so far east in South Africa, but now that Dr. Hartert has shown by his observations in the middle of the Sahara that deserts are not necessarily a bar to the passage of migrating birds, as was formerly supposed, it may perhaps be presumed that these swallows take a more direct line than one would previously have thought possible.

"This second record, taken in conjunction with the first, is extremely valuable, and we are most grateful both to Mr. Blyth who ringed the swallow, and to Mr. Theron who reported it.

H. F. WITHERBY."

THE DUBLIN CHILDREN AND THE STRIKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not think there need be any difficulty in understanding the attitude of Dublin parents towards the idea of sending their children to temporary English homes. Suppose the case were reversed, and it was proposed to send English Protestant children to be placed under the care of Irish Catholics. How would the English parents regard the idea?

Strange as it may sound in English ears, the Irish parents would be quite as much in fear of moral injury in the one case as the English parents would be in the other.

I am not a Catholic; but I have read enough history to be able to understand their feelings.—Yours, &c.,

H. H. JACOB.

Waterford, November 16th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Children's White Cross League, which was organized last year during the London Dock Strike, to relieve some of the little victims and their mothers, and which distributed in bread and milk some £1,100 entrusted to it by the general public, is now appealing for the nursing mothers and their babies, victims of the Dublin strike.

On November 8th the League opened its Relief Centre at 74, Thomas-street, under Mrs. Rudmose Brown, wife of one of the Trinity College professors, to whom gifts of food and clothing should be addressed at the Centre.

Several hundred mothers and babies are now receiving daily bread and milk, and as soon as the boilers are put in, Irish stew will be cooked and served on the premises. A Rest Room is being arranged where mothers may warm their chilled bones for a few hours at a time, before returning to their cheerless one-roomed tenements.

Our colleague, Mrs. Scurr, who has returned from Dublin after organizing the Centre, tells us that our relief work is very badly needed, several of the nursing mothers having lost their milk through want and worry. We are confident happier mothers will come forward to help their less fortunate sisters, who with their babies are least able to bear the privations of hunger and cold; these are bound to leave their marks on the next generation of citizens, in diminished resistance to the normal hardships of their lives, if indeed they survive their sufferings at the present time.

We are assured that the claims of our Centre will not be lost sight of by the fund resulting from the appeal issued a few days ago, and signed by Mrs. Acland, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mrs. Creighton, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. George Trevelyan, and others; but when there is so much to be done, we feel a very special appeal is necessary for the nursing mothers, many of whom are starving as the wives of men thrown out of work through the strike.

We are guaranteed for this week's supply, but we would remind those who have enough that every £60 we receive means the feeding of a further 500 mothers and babies for a week.—Yours, &c.,

JANE COBDEN UNWIN.

Hon. Treas.

BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY,

Hon. Sec.

Children's White Cross League,
3, Adelphi-terrace, London, W.C.
November 19th, 1913.

Poetry.

IN SILENT GROVES.

My walk is now in silent groves,
With grass and moss beneath my feet;
Which no true poet-minds can leave
Until inspired with fancies sweet.
So quiet there that you can hear
Grasshoppers in the grass so green;
The insect-cuckoos that will call,
And still remain unseen.

In silent groves, where lovers go
To tell those dreams when they confess
That love that's jealous of the air,
And whispers in a wilderness.
There's no black scandal in these groves—
The foul disease that still breaks forth
In other parts, as fast as one
Weak part is healed by Truth.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "England in the Later Middle Ages." By Kenneth H. Vickers. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine." By Julia Cartwright. (Murray. 18s. net.)
- "Primate Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh: A Memoir." By Eleanor Alexander. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Memories of Charles Dickens." By Percy Fitzgerald. (Arrow-smith. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "The Influence of the Press." By R. A. Scott-James. (Partridge. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Browning's Heroines." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)
- "English Travellers of the Renaissance." By Clare Howard. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Fancies, Fashions, and Fads." By Ralph Nevill. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Reconstruction of the New Colonies under Lord Milner." By W. Basil Worsfold. (Kegan Paul. 2 vols. 25s. net.)
- "Cambridge Poets (1900-1913): An Anthology." Edited by A. Tillyard. (Heffer. 5s. net.)
- "Oxford Poetry (1910-1913)." Edited by G. D. H. C. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Richard Wagner, Composer of Operas." By John F. Runciman. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Chantilly in History and Art." By L. M. Richter. (Murray. 21s. net.)
- "Songs of Aphrodite and Other Poems." By Margaret Sackville. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)
- "Villages of the White Horse." By Alfred Williams. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)
- "When William Came." By W. H. Munro. (Lane. 6s. net.)
- "Souvenir (1878-1893)." Deuxième Série. Par Ch. de Freycinot. (Paris: Delagrave. 3fr. 50.)
- "Les Maladies Sociales." Par Paul Gaultier. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)

A GREAT deal of interest is sure to be awakened by the news from Paris that we are to have a book upon art by Rodin. It seems that for a long time past the famous sculptor has been in the habit of jotting down notes about his own art, the art of the past, and his general views of æsthetics. These are now to be edited for publication by Rodin in collaboration with Mr. Warrington Dawson, an American writer whom he has known for several years. The book is to appear in French early next year, and will be promptly followed by an English translation.

"THE OXFORD POETS" is a series which has often been praised in THE NATION, and we are glad to see that "The Poetical Works of William Blake" will shortly be added to the collection. The editor, Mr. John Sampson, contributes an introduction and textual notes, and he includes the unpublished portion of "The French Revolution" and the Minor Prophetic Books. The first book of "The French Revolution" is, by the way, the only work of Blake which was both printed and published in the ordinary way during the poet's lifetime. It was issued by Joseph Johnson, at whose shop in St. Paul's Churchyard Blake used to meet Godwin, Paine, Fuseli, and other British admirers of the Revolution.

It may be of interest to quote a passage describing Blake's conversation from that agreeable collection of literary gossip, "Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary."

"Of Wordsworth," writes Robinson, "Blake talked as before. Some of his writings proceed from the Holy Spirit, but others are the work of the devil. However, on this subject, I found Blake's language more in accordance with orthodox Christianity than before. He talked of being under the direction of self. Reason, as the creature of man, is opposed to God's grace. He warmly declared that all he knew is in the Bible. But he understands the Bible in its spiritual sense. As to the natural sense, he says, 'Voltaire was commissioned by God to expose that. I have much intercourse with Voltaire, and he said to me, "I blasphemed the Son of Man and it shall be forgiven me; but they (the enemies of Voltaire) blasphemed the Holy Ghost in me and it shall not be forgiven them."'

"I inquired of Blake about his own writings. 'I have written more than Voltaire or Rousseau. Six or seven epic poems as long as Homer, and twenty tragedies as long as

"Macbeth." He showed me his version (for so it may be called) of Genesis—as understood by a Christian visionary.' He read a passage at random; it was striking. He will not print any more. 'I write,' he says, 'when commanded by the spirits, and the moment I have written I see the words fly about the room in all directions. It is then published and the spirits can read. My MS. is of no further use.'"

BIOGRAPHIES are the most popular of books, and it happens that two editors, Sir William Robertson Nicoll and the Rev. Anthony Deane, who have this season published collections of essays which they contributed to their respective journals, have each compiled a list of the best six biographies in English. In each case Boswell's "Johnson" heads the list, and they also resemble one another in including Trevelyan's "Macaulay," Lockhart's "Scott," and Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brontë." In selecting the remaining two they differ. Sir William Nicoll votes for Froude's "Carlyle" and Morley's "Gladstone." Mr. Deane does not mention Froude, and he rejects Lord Morley's work as belonging to the category of biographies planned on too vast a scale and unrelieved by humor, while he thinks it also suffers from the writer's want of sympathy with the religious side of Gladstone's life. Mr. Deane's choice of the last two books on the list is Stanley's "Arnold" and Forster's "Dickens," though he is doubtful whether he ought not to substitute Mrs. Creighton's life of her husband for one of them. Among the biographies which Sir William Nicoll mentions as special favorites of his own, though not in the first rank, are "The Life of George Crabbe" by the poet's son, Andrew Lang's "Life of Lockhart," and Dora Greenwell's "Life of Lacordaire," while Mr. Deane praises the "Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget" and the lives of Charles Kingsley, Archbishop Benson, and Tennyson.

READERS who desire to know something of the Irish literary movement in the generation that preceded Synge and Mr. Yeats and "A. E." will find some useful sign-posts in a collection of "Irish Literary and Musical Studies" by Mr. A. P. Graves, just published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. In this book Mr. Graves gives biographical and critical notices of Sir Samuel Ferguson, Clarence Mangan, James Sheridan Le Fanu, William Allingham, and George Petrie, together with some discussions on other subjects, such, for example, as that most delightful of all languages, the English spoken in Ireland. Outside of Ireland, none of the writers mentioned is at all widely read. Mangan is known by a single poem, "Dark Rosaleen," and some of Allingham's and Ferguson's verses find a place in anthologies. But all three deserve something more than this. Ferguson, as Mr. Graves rightly insists, "was unquestionably the Irish poet of the past century who has most powerfully influenced the literary history of his country," and Mr. Yeats, writing in 1886, classed him as "the greatest poet Ireland has produced, because the most central and most Celtic."

THREE additions to what may be called literary geography have been made during the past few weeks—Mr. Hermann Lea's "Thomas Hardy's Wessex," published by Messrs. Macmillan; Mr. Charles Olcott's "The Country of Sir Walter Scott," published by Messrs. Cassell; and Mr. Morley Adams's "In the Footsteps of Borrow and Fitzgerald" published by Messrs. Jarrold. It is always a pleasant pastime to trace out the real places which a favorite author has used as a background for his scenes, or of which he has written descriptions. But want of leisure prevents most people from indulging this taste as much as they would wish, and they have to be content with making many of their literary tours by deputy. This the three books just mentioned enable them to do with some satisfaction. They are well supplied with photographs, and these are no inconsiderable aid to a better—or, at any rate, a more vivid—appreciation of the writers with whom they deal.

MESSRS. BLACK are about to publish a new edition of Kirkup's "History of Socialism," revised and expanded by Mr. Edward Pease, the Secretary of the Fabian Society. Mr. Pease has added new chapters on Syndicalism, and has brought up to date the section of the book which deals with the modern Socialist movement.

Reviews.

THE DANDY AS MAN OF LETTERS.

"Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton." By his Grandson, the EARL OF LYTTON. (Macmillan. 2 Vols. 30s. net.)

It is perhaps a measure of the decline of Bulwer Lytton's reputation as a man of letters that the chief interest of his biography should lie in the story of his unhappy marriage. When he read "Richelieu" to a few friends at Macready's, in 1838, Robert Browning was present, and was the first, we are told, to declare that it was a great play. A year before that, when "The Last Days of Pompeii" was published, Lady Blessington had written to him to say that "it alone would stamp its author as the genius *par excellence* of our day." There has seldom been a more successful writer. Like the Post-Impressionists, he encountered many a little storm of hostility; but, for the most part, he was the child of success and praise—success in money and the praise of nearly all his great contemporaries, except Thackeray. Alas! there are not many of us but feel the justice of Thackeray's detractions to-day. "There are sentiments in his writings," he once said in a letter about Bulwer to Lady Blessington, "which always anger me; big words which make me furious, and a premeditated fine writing against which I can't help rebelling." Long afterwards, Thackeray withdrew his dispraise, and addressed a letter of repentance to his fellow-novelist. But he had seen truly when he had seen critically. Lytton was something of a sham, a dandy of noble sentiments. We might put the case another way, and say that his writing was a wordy fashion rather than a style.

And in life he was guilty of the same moral and romantic pretentiousness. Perhaps his quarrel with his wife was due to her discovery of the qualities of humbug behind his fine words as much as to any other cause. Like Thackeray, she was a destructive critic by nature: an Irishwoman, she had the hard, realistic vision of which Mr. Shaw boasts as a peculiarly Irish possession. The child of an unhappy household, she consoled herself for her misfortunes by mockery of those around her. Of one of her uncles she once wrote: "I hear that he is dirtier than ever. This can scarcely be possible, as he always looked like a chimney-sweep in a vapor-bath." This was a temper ill-suited to making home comfortable for a peacock of lofty sentiments such as Lytton was. When she found herself treated at one moment to neglect, at another to petty irritation, and the next addressed in sounding periods, as though she were a public meeting, she simply could not help uttering gibes against her husband and his relations, which could not but make so vain a man wince. "Judge," he appealed to her on one occasion, "of what must be felt by a man, proud, tenacious of esteem, persuaded he deserves it, who finds his nearest and dearest and most familiar companion his most harsh and unjust interpreter." In that sentence he seems to us to convict himself far more effectually than his sneering wife. "Tenacious of esteem, persuaded he deserves it"—might not the phrases have flowed from the pen of Sir Willoughby Patterne himself? They are reminiscent, too, of those incomparable husbands of Ibsen's invention—no; Ibsen did not invent, he only registered, them—the husbands in "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler." Feminists will naturally impute the failure of Lytton's marriage to the fact that he was a typical Ibsen husband. Masculinists, a still more foolish race, will explain it rather by insisting that the woman he married was a typical Strindberg wife. Mrs. Bulwer had even that passion for dogs which seemed to Strindberg to be woman's crowning claim to eternal damnation. She loved her dogs, though she did not like her children. Of her dogs, the writer of the present biography tells us:—

"She had their names printed on tiny visiting cards, which she used to leave with her own upon her friends and neighbors; and the whole of her correspondence with her husband, from the first days of their courtship until the final breach in their affections, was carried on in terms of canine endearment. He was 'Pups' and she was 'Poodle,' and these pet names recur in their letters during the brief periods of their reconciliation, right up to the date of their final separation."

One can hardly read that passage without thinking of "The

Confession of a Fool" and Strindberg's fist-shakings at dogs. Perhaps, in contemplating the tragedy of the Lytton marriage, we may admit, for the nonce, that the feminists and the masculinists were both right, and describe it as the tragedy of a Strindberg wife married to an Ibsen husband.

Not that we have any right to blame either of them too severely. Lytton, like his wife, was the child of a miserable home, and pre-destined to unhappiness. He was positively hated by his father, General Bulwer, an irascible victim of gout, who spent the last days of his life lying "amongst hoops that suspended from his body the touch of the clothes; for he could not bear even that pressure." The Earl of Lytton has allowed his grandfather to tell his own story of the days of his youth in the early chapters of these volumes, and the story is just one of those gloomily theatrical romances which the novelist was so fond of writing. It is a romance of prophetic strangers, of premature solitude and sorrow, of gipsy loves, and so forth, and the one touch of genuine comedy in it is the well-known story of how young Lytton, at eight years old, astonished his mother by asking her: "Pray, mamma, are you not sometimes overcome by the sense of your own identity?" In his 'teens, he was a ladies' darling, a ball-room favorite. "The middle-aged ladies took me home in their carriages." By twenty-one, he was seeking relief from the weariness of society in a gipsy encampment:—

"Time, sunset. Scene, the highway road. . . .

"Shall I tell you your fortune, my pretty young gentleman?"

"The voice, young and silvery, startled me from my reverie, and by my side stood a gipsy girl. She was so handsome! The most beautiful specimen I have ever seen of a race often beautiful in youth.

"Pray, do!" said I, and I crossed her small palm with silver. "Only, pray, give me a sweetheart half as pretty as yourself."

"The girl was, no doubt, used to such compliments, but she blushed as if new to them. She looked me in the face, quickly but searchingly, and then bent her dark eyes over my hand."

How Lyttonish! This was the beginning of an adventure among the gipsies, which ended in Lytton's hurried departure, owing to the jealousy of the young male gipsies. Next year he was in love with Lady Caroline Lamb, and, when he saw that she was playing with him, he parted from her in another outburst of Lyttonism:—

"Farewell for ever. It is over. Now I see you in your true light. Vain and heartless, you have only trifled with my feelings in order to betray me. I despise as well as leave you. Instead of jealousy, I only feel contempt. Farewell. Go and be happy."

When he fell in love with Rosina Wheeler, the Irish girl, whom he married, he wrote in the same strain:—

"Hate you, Rosina! At this moment the tears are in my eyes, my heart beats audibly! I stop to kiss the paper consecrated by your hand. Can these signs of love ever turn into hatred? But let me collect myself."

Obviously, the realities of life would come with a rude shock to a theatrical sentimentalist who could speak and write like this. It may be that the shock came even before Lytton (or Bulwer, as he then was) and Rosina were married. He married her in the end from a sense of duty, because he had in the deepest measure compromised her. Cast off by a disapproving and angry mother, he had then to set to work to make ends meet in a highly expensive home—a matter of £3,000 a year. His incessant work in literature and journalism meant that he had little time to spare for his wife, and, when he was with her, he was usually suffering from the irritability that comes from overwork. Quarrels followed, and scenes before servants, and reconciliations, till the breaking-point was reached, and husband and wife lived apart, the wife comforting herself with drink and revenging herself by accusing him of all manner of wickedness on obscene postcards, the husband ultimately trying to have her shut up in a lunatic asylum. There, certainly, you have an end sufficiently Strindbergian.

Perhaps Lytton's attempt to prove his wife a lunatic was not altogether unjustifiable. When one of his plays was about to be produced at Devonshire House, Lady Lytton wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, saying that "she would enter his house, disguised as an orange-woman, and pelt the Queen with rotten eggs." Some years later, in 1858, when he was Colonial Secretary, she entered one of his election meetings and used violent language to him before

the crowd. "He murdered my child, and tried to murder me," she said. "The very clothes I stand up in were supplied to me by a friend." Humiliated and in horror, Lytton fled from the meeting.

It is very much to the credit of the Earl of Lytton that he has told the story of this old scandal with so frank a regard for the facts, without extenuation or malice, and yet with so human a sympathy that, at the close, we are left partisans neither of the husband nor of the wife, but, rather, like pitiful spectators of an inevitable tragedy. In writing the life of his grandfather, the present biographer has merely brought to a successful conclusion a work begun by his father. The book is interesting, on the whole—painfully so in parts. The chapters dealing with Lytton's political career—he left Liberalism for Conservatism through his dislike of Free Trade—are not stirring, for Lytton fought for no stirring creed. And the story of his successes in literature—except for such facts as that he wrote "Harold" in less than a month and "The Lady of Lyons" in a little more than a fortnight—has only a faded kind of interest, for most of us long ago ceased to read him seriously. One cannot help feeling that the biography might have gained by being compressed into a single volume. The letters quoted are not particularly good reading, except those written by Lady Lytton, which are delightful, and those by Harriette Wilson, which are subtly comic. Lytton, moreover, was one of those figures which are great for an age, but are far from being great for all time. He has left scarcely any lasting impression either on political or literary history. He is said, however, to have had considerable influence on English dress. Evening-dress was an affair of color—brown, green, or blue—before "Pelham" was written. In that novel, however, Lady Frances Pelham says to her son:—

"*Apropos of the complexion; I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compliment, for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so.*"

That, it is said, brought about the change to the black coat, which has lasted to our own day. Well, there was more of dress—of feathers, if you like—than body about the mass of Lytton's work in literature. It is not without appropriateness that his most lasting work should have been accomplished as an arbiter of fashion.

RESTORATION COMEDY.

"The Comedy of Manners: A History—1664-1720." By JOHN PALMER. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.)

IF Mr. John Palmer had called his book not a "history" but a "quintet of biographies," he would have accurately indicated its character and suggested its true merit. He has produced careful, judicious, valuable biographies of Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, and he has embedded them in a mass of critical argument. The term "History," as applied to such a book, is a mere misnomer. The moment Mr. Palmer leaves the safe ground of biographical fact, it is to plunge, on the worse side, into an old and rather idle dispute.

His criticism is one long attack upon Macaulay, who, he says, undid the good work of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and hurled the so-called Restoration dramatists back into the slough of disrepute from which these writers had almost succeeded in rescuing them. Macaulay began his essay by admitting that Leigh Hunt had done well to reprint the dramatists. He said:—

"We cannot wish that any work or class of work which has exercised a great influence on the human mind, and which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world."

"Could anything," asks Mr. Palmer, "be more superbly impertinent?"—a word which he is fond of using in the sense of "irrelevant," but which we must read here, no doubt, in its more ordinary sense. He goes on to tell us that "The fraudulent character of Macaulay's preliminary concessions appears throughout. He disclaims the moral test as final; but he applies none other." And, again:—

"One other point as to Macaulay's critical methods in this essay clamors to be exposed. Just as he first deprecates the finality of the moral test, that he may the more effectively apply it later on; so he begins with an appeal for an historical

treatment of the comic dramatists, and . . . ends by assessing the comic dramatists in every line of his commentary by the standards of 1849."

The distinction between the two counts in this indictment escapes us. It is practically one and the same "fraudulency" which Mr. Palmer so sternly "exposes." But what does the exposure amount to? Macaulay's initial admission that the Restoration Comedy was a historical document of immense value, which it would be folly to suppress, in no way pledged him to holding his natural sensibilities in abeyance when he passed on to an æsthetic valuation of the works in question. This is what Mr. Palmer demands that we should do. He will not let us find anything nauseous, which the men of a given historical period seem to have found agreeable. It is "impertinent" to allege that we are positively afflicted by the vulgarity and brutality of many passages in this literature, as by an evil odor. Mr. Palmer has stopped his own nose by an elaborate course of reasoning, and he thinks it a sign of hypocritical mid-Victorianism for anyone to keep his nostrils open. But sane criticism is not a masquerade of the soul, in which we ape the mental attitude of every century in turn. The permanent element in literature is that which appeals to the sensibilities of men of all periods. We seek the historical point of view in order to understand; but understanding is one thing, feeling another; and if the most perfect historic understanding brings us a composite feeling in which qualified admiration struggles with unqualified disgust, it is not "fraudulent," but merely honest, to say so.

The point which Mr. Palmer persistently overlooks is that our condemnation of the literature he defends does not proceed on grounds of mere sexual morality. Whatever Macaulay may have thought, few of us to-day are disposed to set up existing laws, or even dominant ideals, as eternal and unalterable. It is true that Macaulay's language may here and there lend some color to Mr. Palmer's assumption; but he puts his true point very clearly in at least one memorable passage, where he says of "this part of our literature":—

"Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit."

That is the true indictment, which cannot be sophisticated away. There are many forms of literature as immoral as Restoration Comedy; few, if any, as degrading to human nature. It is not the sexual anarchy of the picture that we find intolerable; it is the brutality and bestiality. When "*seva indignatio*" prompts a Swiftian assault upon human nature, we feel that the indignation, even if morbid, clears the air; but when a world without decency, honor, or human kindness is smilingly presented as an entirely desirable and delightful world, our gorge rises. There may be more immoral writers than Wycherley, but an uglier has not come within our ken, unless it be among the ignoble small-fry of his school. Mr. Palmer finds in him (and deplores) one or two outbursts of indignation. Save us from the "indignation" of the author of "Miscellany Poems"! No, no; Macaulay was perhaps a trifle rhetorical when he wrote: "We are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell"; but that judgment will outlive all Mr. Palmer's nice discriminations between nastiness "in a dry light" and "luscious" nastiness.

Mr. Palmer is hard put to it to reconcile his view of Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve as imperturbable realists with Lamb's defence of their theatre as a fairyland in which the writs of morality do not run. (By the way, it is one of Macaulay's crimes that he speaks of "Mr." Lamb; though, in fact, he treats Elia with a reverent tenderness to which Mr. Lucas himself could take no exception.) The discrepancy of the two pleas is too obvious to be overlooked, and Mr. Palmer, at several points, essays to explain it away. We do not quite follow his reasoning; but the point is, in our view, immaterial, since we hold the plea of realism to be radically unsound. Even granting that the playwrights were justified in never letting their view extend beyond the corrupt purlieus of the Court, and in mentioning the sounder part of the nation only to jeer at it; even admitting that the manners of the Court were unspeakably shameless and hideous; it remains incredible that any section of any human society can ever have lived exclusively in an atmosphere of

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gloating sexuality, like that of "She Would if She Could," "The Country Wife," and "Love for Love." Even the courtiers of Charles II. must now and then have rested from their ruttishness of thought, speech, and act. It is amazing that Mr. Palmer should have argued himself out of the plain perception that such a personage as Horner in "The Country Wife" is not really a creation of Wycherley at all, but of the fertile genius which, throughout the ages, has devoted itself to the invention of ribald anecdotes. Ribald anecdotes may have their function, and even (comparatively) their merit; but to talk of their retailers as realistic artists is absurd. A certain residue of reality doubtless disengages itself from Restoration comedy, but only after we have eliminated a large amount of deliberate pandering to the baser appetites of the theatrical public.

English society in the latter half of the seventeenth century was no doubt more brutal than French; but was it so unspeakably more corrupt as to account for the whole difference between Wycherley and Molière? The truth is, we believe—and this is a point Macaulay overlooked—that the brutality of the Restoration theatre was not a mere reaction against Puritanism, but also a revival of the traditions of the semi-barbarous Jacobean theatre. That is the key to the enigma: while the French stage was civilized, the English remained semi-barbarous. It accepted a convention of coarseness from a ruder age, while introducing, no doubt, a new element of wanton deliberation. How does Mr. Palmer square with his theory of realism the fact that Congreve's first (and very successful) comedy was written before he had ever set eyes on the society he professed to depict? Could anything prove more clearly the enormous part played by a vicious convention in the "Comedy of Manners"?

"It is characteristic of 'Love for Love,'" says Mr. Palmer, "that one remembers the persons and the story of the play, which is neither possible nor necessary in the majority of Restoration comedies." The fact is undoubted; what is surprising is the blithe unconsciousness with which the critic launches this sweeping condemnation. Not a single word does he ever devote to any consideration of dramatic structure or the ordering of a fable. Congreve, at all events, would not have been flattered by this blank ignoring of a side of his art on which he plumed himself not a little.

Mr. Palmer writes very ably, and incidentally makes some very just remarks. Nothing could be better than this: "Art is not primarily concerned with morality, but morality is the stuff of the poet's art. . . . Morality is his subject, though it is not his object." There has been some carelessness, for which Mr. Palmer is probably not responsible, in the lettering of plates. "Joseph Harris speaking the Epilogue to 'Unhappy'" ought to read "Joe Haines speaking the Epilogue to 'Unhappy Kindness.'" "Farquhar's Confederacy Play Bill" ought, of course, to read "Vanbrugh's." But, in fact, the illustrations, other than portraits, had better have been omitted.

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conduct, and, perhaps most important of all, when the Opposition included men of the greatest ability, commanding the prestige of a Chatham and the popularity of a Fox, and the Minister himself had not a single ally with any pretensions to authority or reputation. Supposing that North had believed in the cause he was defending, his task would have seemed almost superhuman; but it is, of course, notorious that his views were those of the Opposition. For four or five years he was fighting for a policy that he thought wrong against the most powerful Opposition of the century, under conditions incredibly discouraging and alarming, and fighting it, so far as brains went, alone. Of course, he had at his service the favors of the Crown, and a gigantic system of corruption, and the country might get very angry without making any immediate or visible impression on either of the Members for old Sarum. But when full weight is given to the corrupt state of Parliament, and the influence of the King's system, it remains a very remarkable fact that a single man who, whatever his talents, could not be named in the same breath as any one of half-a-dozen of his opponents, could have maintained his position against a rising tide of indignation and dismay, without even his own judgment to countenance his policy, and no other support than the support of a Sovereign who appeared to be losing his popularity. It was this feat that made Brougham speak of his great reputation as a representative of the Government.

The truth is that George the Third found in two crises exactly the man that he needed. When he wanted to push the Peace of Paris through the House of Commons, he drew Henry Fox from the retreat into which he had taken his riches and the hatred of the nation, and set him to a task which no man could have entered upon unless he had already become as unpopular as a politician could make himself. Fox, having nothing to lose, set about the business with energy and ability, and carried it out with enjoyment and to the satisfaction of his master. It was indeed a rare stroke of luck for the King that there happened to be a politician who combined Fox's brains with Fox's character. North's character differed from Henry Fox's, but it happened to suit George the Third's purpose equally well ten years later. No man could have faced the Opposition, the nation, and the gathering and overwhelming clouds in the sky, who had been sensitive or irritable at any point. It is well known that rage and anxiety wear a man out, and the best way to exhaust a particular kind of opponent is to go on provoking him. Now North was absolutely proof against this. He was, to begin with, a significantly fat man. Mr. Lucas has collected a number of good stories about his figure and deportment. On one occasion he was ill, and lost weight. His doctor asked him anxiously what he felt. "What I have not felt for a long time," said North, "my own ribs." His ugliness was not passed over in that polite age. "The noble lord who spoke last," said Burke, "after extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame, has at length opened his mouth." But North only enjoyed the taunts at his appearance. He was so ugly that he knew his enemies could not exaggerate the fact. It was the same with his system of government. His opponents plundered history for sinister illustrations, but nothing ever moved North, who knew that if there was anything deficient in the corruption that he employed it was not from want of care on his part or that of his master. And as he could not lose his temper, and had a very lively natural wit, he managed to turn the laugh pretty often against his critic. When he was accused of being asleep, he replied that he wished he were; and on another occasion he suggested that the speaker who had put him to sleep was not the most fitting person to make the complaint. When he was called "that thing, a Minister," he replied: "Well, to be sure, I am an unwieldy thing; the Hon. Member, therefore, when he called me a thing, said what was true, and I cannot be angry with him. But when he added 'that thing, a Minister,' he called me that thing of all things he himself wished most to be, and therefore I took it as a compliment." The abuse of his opponents ran off his head like rain off a duck's back, and this was just what was needed for his task. A man with imagination or sensibility, capable of strong feeling—whether indignation or pity—liable to resentment or chagrin, must have failed. A fat, comfortable, good-humored, quick-witted man, with

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"My Lady of the Chimney-Corner." By ALEXANDER IRVINE.
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THE painting of peasant life in literature is apt to be precious in workmanship and false in sentiment when it is attempted for the benefit of another class. Nor is a man secure from these vices, even when he has lived at some time of his life as a peasant among peasants. The more he is aware of varying standards of life, the more he realizes how effective and picturesque to the middle-class reader those scenes will be, the greater is the danger of a self-consciousness which turns all that it touches to falsity. The writer who sets himself down to manufacture "idylls" of peasant life is decorating middle-class drawing-rooms as consciously as eighteenth-century painters drew shepherdesses on palace walls. He may know the truth, but he commonly ends by painting what middle-class eyes will wish to dwell on. The one great book of this kind in our language, Douglas Brown's "House with the Green Shutters," is great precisely because it defiantly, even savagely, ignores the idyllic tradition, and draws the peasant without the smallest intention of flattering the desire of the well-to-do to think that poverty and ignorance, rightly regarded, are really a very beautiful and desirable state.

That is certainly not the conscious tendency of this beautiful little book by Mr. Alexander Irvine, though there is nothing in his manner to ruffle the composure of the most complacent, and to an easy-going reader it may even be a sedative. It is a picture of the grinding poverty of an Irish home in a slum cottage in Antrim. The poverty is faithfully drawn, but so relieved with humor and so softened by the tender painting of human affections that one escapes the instinctive revolt of indignation which ought to follow from such a record. But perhaps it is only because we come to the scene from outside that the absence of this note of anger strikes us. Mr. Irvine is not thinking of the greed and exploitation which lay behind this poverty. He is drawing a reverent and affectionate portrait of his mother, and certainly it is one of the most moving and delicate achievements of the kind that one can find upon the printed page. It is not a novel, nor even a story, but rather a series of anecdotes and sketches which succeed in realizing for us, not merely the life of Pogue's Close in Antrim, but the soul of a rare and beautiful woman. Anna was a farmer's

daughter, a Catholic, a clever girl, with ambitions to become a teacher, and she married for love "beneath her" a shoemaker's apprentice, a Protestant, and an illiterate. "Love is enough" was the motto with which they tramped off to make a home, and in that spirit they faced famine and bereavement and the cares of a poverty which knew neither hope nor relief.

We have read nothing in all the poignant literature of the famine so moving as the tale of Jamie's adventure to save his dying child. He went out, a resolute criminal, to milk a neighboring farmer's cow. The farmer shot him, and the two closed in a life-and-death wrestle. It was only when Jamie had the farmer at his mercy on the ground that he told his tale, and forced his adversary to enter his cottage and see his wife laid fainting on the ground and his baby dying of starvation in its cradle. Then the farmer gave of his abundance. But the mood of the book is more often a gentle and whimsical humor. There is a delightful tale of a beggar who was stoned one night as he entered Antrim, and left it next morning laden with gifts. The neighbors suspected him of bewitching a cow, but Anna told them a story that changed their mood. The beggar, she said, was a man of ancient lineage, wandering over the earth to find the Holy Grail. In a secret book he recorded, as he wandered, the deeds of the poor. So the poor filled his pockets for him. "A good thought," moralised Anna, "will travel as fast an' as far as a bad wan, if it gets the right start." There is more of this genial world of fancy and light-hearted superstition and spirituality in the delightful sketch entitled "In the Glow of a Peat Fire," round which the humor of these peasants makes even starvation endurable.

But if these episodes have their charm, the real achievement of this unusual and delightful book is that it presents against this background of penury, suffering, and religious hate the picture of the mother and wife and servant of God for whom "love was enough." It tells us how she comforted the bereaved, softened the cynical, and left behind her the aroma of her faith and charity, and in all the telling the emotion rings as sincere as it is tender. The book has a rare ideal beauty, but it is to be hoped that it will not unduly reconcile the middle-class reader to the poverty of the Irish peasant. The poverty of others is singularly easy to endure when it is graced by sincere religion. For our part, we closed the book with a hope that Mr. Larkin may turn his attention to Antrim.

THE MOODS OF RICHARD MIDDLETON.

"Monologues." By RICHARD MIDDLETON. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

IF Richard Middleton's work can catch the eye of a more remote posterity than ours, it will not be by virtue of what we assume to be the more enduring qualities of the artist. His expression is certainly not of the kind that will seize our children's children by the throat and compel them to listen. For his moods are not only impalpable, delicate, remote; but he directly, and even aggressively, informs his audience that the revelations of moods such as these are the only things worth while. There is, indeed, a contrariness about him that is entirely captivating. The essay, he says, is "the art of expression in dressing-gown and carpet slippers"; and then, not content with stretching his own legs in the easy-chair of his exquisite and ephemeral fantasies, he insists, with charming dogmatism, that the whole world, in order to be saved, must go donning dressing-gowns and "bending down beside the glowing bars," to "murmur, a little sadly, how love fled." Of course, he may be quite right; that is irrelevant. But the quaint thing is this propagandist zeal, this passion for forcing us all into dallying among the asphodel; the finite, the actual, the didactic, the "tyranny of facts," are his bugbears. They are as dust before "triolets and fairy stories."

Now this explains well enough why Middleton was a graceful and fanciful, but never an imaginative, poet; but it does not explain the classical outline, the harmonious ease, finish, suppleness, and maturity of his prose. The reason is, we think, that Middleton is not really this kind of dreamer at all in his prose cameos. He calls Mr. Wells "the artist

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ALL who suffer from "nerves"—a term which covers a multitude of ills—should find comfort and practical assistance in a book called "Nerves and the Nervous," which is written in non-technical language for the instruction of the lay-reader.

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"Persons whose nervous systems are weakened," he says, "are frequently quick and intelligent beyond their fellows, entering into whatever they take up with the utmost zeal, but tiring quickly before they have gone very far with it."

COMMON SIGNS OF DISORDERED NERVES.

A continued feeling of tiredness is, in fact, one of the commonest symptoms of nerve-weakness. "Those who are fit and well," says the writer, "find it difficult to imagine the condition of a person who is continually weighed down by that terrible feeling of slackness which betokens that his nerve-energy is at a low ebb."

This lassitude is frequently accompanied by a peculiar kind of headache, great depression, a feeling of "unworthiness," and various unreasonable fears, prominent among which are the fear of financial disaster and the fear of insanity.

"Hundreds of nervous people," says the author, "are continually taking strong, so-called nerve-tonics without deriving any permanent benefit from them. Thus, after persevering with such medicines, they begin to think that their case is hopeless, and that they will never recover their health, energy, and lost tranquillity of life."

Among the measures recommended are electricity, massage, and psychotherapy—that is, mental treatment by means of suggestion, etc.

But, as the author points out, the first stage in all such methods must be "a course of nutritive treatment directed to building up the weakened body, improving the blood, and restoring the debilitated nerve-centres."

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of disenchantment," and that—though he is resigned to it and Mr. Wells is not—is exactly what he is himself in this volume. He was the dreamer last night when he wrote verses; but to-day, a day of prose, he is awakened "with a bitter taste on his lips." He sees his dreams in retrospect; he has been absent-minded, and now he can cultivate the significance of past ecstasies. In fact, Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "emotion recollected in tranquillity" fits these leisurely essays with curious precision. They are the self-conscious embodiment, not of an ideal, but of experience, or rather of its values, as they appear to him. And this "throw-back of ideas" has the subtlest and happiest effects upon his craftsmanship, upon his thought and its expression. It purifies his prose of the falsities and excrescences which have marred his poetry. Middleton, we feel, is at his best when he is in quest of beauty, rather than when he is in possession of it. Nor has the elegiac sense of bereavement and disillusion congealed his utterance into a hard and unresisting mass. On the contrary, it has freed it from vagueness on the one hand and opacity on the other. "In essays," he says, "it is the atmosphere that counts;" but what count in his are the gentle autumnal tints which steal even over his dogmatism about our confounded attachment to the facts of existence. And because, at the same time, in these reflections of a quietist he believes in but is not fettered by the visionary life—or, shall we say, the life of trance?—he can turn his eye upon our materialism with lucidity and sharpness. "Is England decadent?" is almost as incisive as Mr. Shaw, whom, of course, Middleton despised, because he is a moralist, and so a renegade to art. At any rate, if he is always regretting the vanished pleasure of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, it is the stoic's and not the voluptuary's vain-longing.

A NOVEL ON MODERN ART.

"Subsoil." By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

EVEN as the novel with a purpose is too common, so the novel of ideas is rare, and one always hails a new work by Mr. Marriott, confident that his subtle comments on modern tendencies will disclose what is ahead of us in the shape of a general movement. And in "Subsoil" Mr. Marriott is at his best. While it is true—and all the worse for us is it—that the artist among us is always more or less in a false position, the relation existing between art and society is a subject that demands from the critic a wide range of sympathies, cool detachment, and sensitiveness to the social pulse. And Mr. Marriott doubles his professional insight with the advantage of the looker-on who sees most of the game.

In his early chapters the author attacks boldly, yet with quiet shrewdness, the central problem of our British uneasiness before art. We want the artist to "come over to us" and live on our basis. Or, if we go over to the artist, we expect to find "Bohemia" and a temporary relaxation of our continent virtues. Thus the author shows us in a Bohemian art club, "The Rocking Horse," started under wealthy patronage as a rallying place for the younger and more experimental painters and writers of London, the hero, Sutherland, foregathering with some acquaintances such as Saffery, the literary critic. The talk veers round to the question as to what is wrong with the atmosphere of the Club, and why the artists can no longer bring their women-folk there. And the answer is that "to attract money" the painters have "invited the co-operation of a business management," which has betrayed the place into the hands of the pleasure-hunting Philistines. Saffery meaningly quotes "Fifine at the Fair," and adds, "We can play their game, eat with them, drink with them, golf, shoot, bridge with them; but they can't play ours . . . If it's our work, they praise the wrong thing. If it's our play, they sniff corruption." And the fact is patent to Sutherland before the evening is out that many of the prosperous-looking, discreet guests are out to "see life," and that Bessie Mundy, the jolly, careless girl-model at the next table, is receiving dubious attentions from "a benevolent old gentleman with a fatherly interest in pretty girls." Bessie is rescued forthwith, and sent home; but this episode at "The Rocking Horse" sets Sutherland thinking about what is wrong with

his own career. He is honest enough to recognize that he owes a good deal of his success as an artist to the facts that "he was a son of Canon Barstow, a Winchester schoolboy, a good all-round sportsman, and a respectable hand at bridge." He has passed from the stage of "enthusiastic *plein-airiste* of the Cornish School" to being a recognized painter of "modern industrial enterprise" in shipyards, foundries, and the like, and his friendship with the great contractor, Sir William Bradley, has not only brought him many commissions from industrial magnates, but has led to his engagement with Sylvia, Sir William's only child. The portrait of Sylvia is perhaps the subtlest thing in the book. Sylvia is beautiful, cultured, gracious, and queenly, a clear-sighted type of English maiden, born to cultivate "the finer issues" on an income, say, of fifteen hundred a year and a nice little house in the best part of Kensington. She has her own decided preferences in art—viz., for "the best," as settled by Bond Street tradition; she is keen about "the responsibilities of wealth and position," and interests herself "in all sorts of benevolent schemes, particularly for women." She has clear views about the conflicts between labor and capital, which she sums up in the single word, "agitators." Also, she has a quick smile, a sweet, grave manner, "a perfect balance of body and mind," and "she never bothers about quite ordinary people's opinions, but only about 'the right people's.'" In fact, Sylvia is the quintessence of the subtlest and most incontrovertible highly trained type of Philistine, a fine, cultivated flower of our upper-middle-class ideal, and her genuine admiration of her lover's work is, unfortunately, proof that he is working on the wrong lines! Sutherland has begun to think so himself at this juncture, when he inspects in London the cartoon he has lately finished of a big liner unloading at Liverpool. The thing is "glib," accomplished in its way, but "it plays up to the captains of industry," just as the two portraits, one of an elderly man in shooting kit, and the other of a younger woman in evening dress, which he has brought back from a country-house stay, are, at bottom, "mere commercial art." There is something gravely wrong, not in the artist's technique, but in the vision behind the technique; and Sutherland, thoroughly dissatisfied with himself, resolves to return to Cornwall, eschew the picturesque, and paint the stern moor. He feels that he must reverse his habit of "flattering the picturesque and modern commercial enterprise"; he must paint "things," not the associations of things, as formerly. And he begins to see more and more that Browning and Saffery are right in saying that "an artist is only safe so long as he keeps society at a distance." The world is always striving to exploit art in the interests of its "pleasure," even as business men "don't seem to know what to do with beauty until they've dragged it down—as if it made them uncomfortable." And, arguing thus, Sutherland packs up his things and sets off for his old haunts in Trevenen.

The novel of ideas is apt to get a little unreal through lack of worldly concreteness; but Mr. Marriott, with admirable instinct, has reinforced the actuality of his London scenes by enlarging the circle of social interests in his descriptions of life in the Cornish art centre, Trevenen Port, "a Fifine of the West, warm and Italianate, who lolled and basked and smiled above her bay." Sutherland finds all the threads of local life converge at "the pointedly respectable hotel," the "First and Last," where the coasting skippers, the mine captains, the big farmers hob-nob with the town councillors, the auctioneers, Lawyer Trevail, Dr. Julian, and the leading tradesmen. It is a very intimate sketch of Cornish men and Cornish ways that Mr. Marriott provides, and the bridge between Sutherland's professional experiences and the new interest in his life is divulged when he makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Rosewall, the wife of the scampish land-agent of Lord Porthminster. So adroitly handled is the subject of Mrs. Rosewall's disillusionment in her marriage, that it only dawns on us little by little that the author is creating in her figure an ideal of femininity essentially opposed to Sylvia's cool Philistinism. Loveday Rosewall is the type of rare woman that may be trusted not "to queer the pitch," so far as the true artist's ambition for his craft is concerned. It is a very subtle study this of the emancipation of a woman who can find a place in her life for comradeship with men, though, naturally, she puts love first, even though she fail to find it. Through her astute

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husband's infidelities, not only to her, but to his position of trust in the town, Loveday has lost confidence in him; and the basis of Sutherland's and her growing interest in one another is precisely that they are both "practical persons," coolly taking each other for granted, "with the confidence of one artist in another." For Loveday is "an artist in life," who understands things as they are intuitively, not viewing life through the veils—ethical, sentimental, and worldly—that make up Sylvia's "social values."

Mr. Marriott conducts his diagnosis of our social tendencies with most sensitive alertness in the chapters where Mrs. Rosewall, by her husband's sudden death in an accident, is brought to establish herself in London, and finds her footing among the artists of the Garden Suburb. Mr. Marriott has succeeded in indicating, perhaps better than anybody else, the change in attitude of the younger generation, whose new note may perhaps be best indicated in the phrase—"the democratic ideal, with respect for common humanity." While Sylvia represents, perhaps, the present-day ideals of class prejudice and class advantage, entrenched in material refinements and a borrowed culture, Loveday represents a first-hand curiosity about life and original valuations of the things that matter. The encounter of the two women in London, with Sutherland standing by, like an interested umpire, to mark the score of soft, feminine hits, is subtly imagined; but the *dénouement* with Loveday's rejection of Sutherland, after Sylvia has broken her engagement, is, perhaps too ingeniously worked out.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. November 14.	Price Friday morning. November 21.
Consols	72½	72½
Midland Deferred	70	70½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	34xd	35
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	98	98½
Union Pacific	154½	154
Japanese 4½ p.c. (1st ser.)	93½	92½
Turkish Unified	86	86
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1890	76½	75½

REPORTS from manufacturing centres indicate that orders are coming in less rapidly, and that manufacturers generally expect a slackening of business in the new year. Hence, they are less inclined to invest their profits in their own business, and are buying securities, thus providing a prop to falling markets on the Stock Exchange. The success of the Montreal loan has also brought some comfort, but the most determined optimists, looking at the armament loans in Paris and the armament levy in Germany, can hardly expect any real recovery in market prices. In the last few days money has been scarce, but it is still hoped that a 6 per cent. rate may be avoided. The Mexican situation is still being anxiously watched.

MORE NEW ISSUES.

Last week Roumania tried to tempt the British investor with 5 per cent. bonds, and though it was announced that the issue had been fully subscribed, market rumors afterwards credited the issue with but little success. Western Australia, which offered very nearly 4½ per cent. upon a Trustee security, failed to get more than 28 per cent. of its £1,000,000 loan applied for by the public, although this was the cheapest Trustee stock which has yet been offered. Montreal is issuing £1,500,000 of 4½ per cent. stock at 98½, less a certain amount of accrued interest payable on May 1st next. The loan is made to pay off short-term obligations,

and as the yield is nearly 4½ per cent., the investor has been tempted, the issue being over-subscribed. The trouble at present is the over-supply of investments, the private individual, the trust company, and the big insurance company are all "full up," and that is why the big issues go badly. More foreign loans are in embryo—Turkey, Bulgaria, and Greece will want money, though they will have to offer a ruinous price if they are to get it in London. Paris has the enormous French Government loan in prospect, amounting to fifty or sixty millions sterling—enough to cripple her, financially, for a long time. Whilst Governments must have money at any price almost, industry must wait, and if trade declines under the pressure of monetary stringency, merchants may lay the blame upon the reckless expenditure of Governments at home and abroad.

HOME RAILS AND HOME SECURITIES.

After months of neglect, Home Rails have enjoyed a little more favor, shared with the securities of that great British industry—the brewing trade. Like many Stock Exchange movements, the improvement in Home Rails springs from the knowledge of the existence of a "bear" position; but something must operate to induce the bears to close accounts. It may be that the common knowledge that the year will end with most companies showing largely increased traffics on a little special knowledge as to working expenses may have caused favorable forecasts as to the results of the year, but there is no doubt that in some quarters of the City the general outlook for home securities is regarded more brightly. There have been too many "incidents" and disappointments over foreign securities to make the investor partial to them, when greater safety with as large a return is obtainable at home. The new accounts which are to be rendered by Home Railways this year will provide more information than the old ones, and some hold the view that they will show our railways to be in a stronger position financially than is generally believed to be the case. The outcome will probably be that some railways will look better and some will look worse in the new accounts. Then there is the nationalization question which will be considered by the Commission now sitting. It is thought that the Commission will not decide favorably upon this question. Probably, the most important factor in the investor's mind regarding Home Rails is the labor situation. Whether yields on Home Rails are large enough at present to cover the risk of labor troubles is a moot point. Most of the leading stocks return from 5½ to 6 per cent., as may be seen from the following list:—

	1913.				Yield.	
	High.	Low.	Oct. 30.	Nov.	£	s. d.
Great Eastern Ord. ...	63½	47	47½	48	4	15 0
Great Northern Def. ...	57½	49½	50½	51½	5	0 0
Great Western Ord. ...	119½	112½	112½	114½	5	8 0
Lancs. & Yorks. ...	91½	83½	84	84	5	1 3
Brighton Def. ...	95 11-16	87	89	89½	4	10 0
Chatham Pref. ...	92½	83½	84½	82½	5	8 3
North-Western Ord. ...	136½	127	127	127½	5	10 3
South-Western Ord. ...	124½	111½	114	113	5	3 0
Metropolitan Cons. ...	86½	41½	42	40½	3	17 6
Midland Def. ...	77½	69½	70	71½	6	1 6
North-Eastern Cons. ...	123½	117½	117½	118½	5	10 9
South-Eastern Def. ...	68½	56	57½	57	3	1 3

These yields are not very high, as yields generally go nowadays, but if the choice be restricted to home securities, only industrial companies' shares can offer a figure to compete with them, and if there is a return of favor to home securities, Home Rails will certainly improve. One bar to purchases of Home Rails is the high cost of dealing in them on the Stock Exchange, adding more than 1 per cent. to the price of the investment, and the companies are taking powers to issue bearer securities to save expense and trouble.

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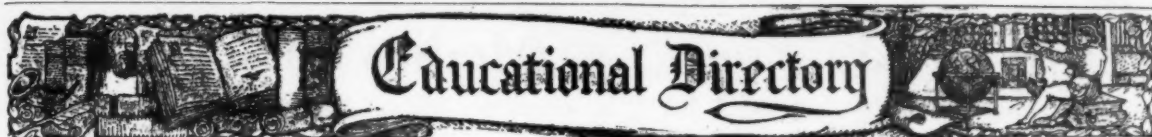
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